

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 1, 1962

25 CENTS

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Next week

THE BIG FIGHT in Chicago, its outcome and aftermath (including some interesting betting action by "The Mob") by Gilbert Rogin, plus a portfolio in color of fight action.

TOMMY McDONALD, one of the smallest players in pro football, is also one of the best. John Underwood tells how the "Eagles" end catches passes and messes to remain alive, too.

TRAMP ATHLETES? A survey conducted at the University of Pittsburgh indicates that cash scholarships aid does not corrupt college men or even lead them astray academically.

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SCORECARD

BIG WIND OFF NEWPORT

The niceties of polite yachting competition, such as the contest for the America's Cup, permit no public wrangling, but the wrangling does occur nonetheless. It is inevitable. Sooner or later someone shoots off his soaring mouth.

The mouth this time belongs to George O'Day, 5.3-meter gold medalist of the 1960 Olympics, a good sailor who was displaced as skipper of *Easterner* in the Cup trials and then picked up as spokesman for and adviser to *Weatherly's* Bus Mosbacher. (In the last few days he has been an active crew member.)

During the races O'Day has been writing signed commentary on the races for the *Boston Traveler*. Some of his judgments have kicked up a willow in Australia, where he has come to be described as "The Ugly American." In one article he protested Sir Frank Packer's use of a walkie-talkie to call "tall tacks, spinnaker changes and maneuvers" during preparatory runs (though not, of course, in the actual races, where this would have been against the rules). Sir Frank, head of the Australian syndicate that owns *Greerel*, bit his tongue and refused comment.

"Sir Frank has given confidence to no one and is running the show himself," wrote O'Day, giving confidence to no one that amicable relationships would prevail. The day after *Greerel* encountered *Weatherly* in a heat to windward during a shakedown, O'Day observed that "they were following us the same way an amateur skier follows a professional, trying to learn how he does it."

There may have been justification for the criticism—after all, in the actual races *Greerel* did better without benefit of Sir Frank's squeaky box. Skippers generally do better on their own. But in Australia, O'Day's observations revived the deeply held conviction that jealous Yanks had poisoned the great Phar Lap (in 1932). He was accused of trying to "unsettle" the Australian crew with his comments and of perpetrating "miserable . . . propaganda." By extension, his remarks were held to be the responsibility of the en-

tire American press, which has, in fact, been most polite.

If O'Day were functioning solely as a critic of yachting during the America's Cup competition, one might differ with his views but still not dispute his right to voice them. However, as a *Weatherly* crewman and spokesman, he has been singularly graceless in his caustic essays and press conference comment. Skipper Mosbacher piped him down last week, but the damage already was done.

TENNIS WITHOUT ANGINA

Tennis, which has been the sport of elderly Swedish kings as well as young commoners, presents a special problem to those who are getting on in years. The family doctor's tut-tut about over-exertion can force bitter retirement. Royalty may solve this by requiring an etiquette that calls for all shots to be returned within reach or not played at all, but few commoners can demand this special consideration.

There is a solution, devised a few years ago by former Senator William Benton. The Senator had been warned by his doctor that he was getting too old for singles and, since volleying never has been his strong point, he did not care too much for standard doubles. So he invented a simple, four-man game that would involve little volleying and absolutely no heart-pounding dashes to the net after drop shots. The basic rule change: a ball that lands inside the service area must bounce across the service line or be counted an error.

It reduced tennis to a backcourt and service game and will not be admired by youthful purists, but it enabled Senator Benton and his contemporaries to get out on the courts, swing a racket and have some healthful fun and exercise without danger of bringing on angina pectoris.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST?

Suppose that, after Frank Howard was graduated from Ohio State, Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick had bought the Chicago Cubs and then had offered

Howard \$60,000 to play baseball for either the Cubs or the Pittsburgh Pirates. Preposterous? In baseball, yes, in basketball, no. In Kansas City the other day Abe Saperstein said publicly that he had recently offered Jerry Lucas \$60,000 to play for either the Pittsburgh or Chicago teams in the American Basketball League. And who is Abe Saperstein? He is the commissioner of the ABL and also owner of the Chicago entry in that league.

COACH BROWN CHEWED OUT

The antipathy of Coach Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns for tobacco-chewing football players, expressed in a recent article (*\$1*, Sept. 10), has moved one of our occasional contributors, Myron Cope, to protest on behalf of a practice which, he says, is healthful, pleasant, soothing and a cure for hangovers. In an angry retort to Brown's "brazenly ignorant blast at chewing tobacco," Cope inquires:

"Has he ever experienced the tangy delight of Mail Pouch or Beechnut, or the flat but earthy taste of Havanez Blos-



som (a brand that unfortunately is becoming all too hard to locate in confectioneries these days)?"

Cope feels that Brown's prejudice is senseless and typical of those who have never chewed—people like secretaries, wives and office managers. What they object to, he feels, is not the chewing but the necessary spitting. To avoid detection, he reports, clandestine chewers have devised ingenious tricks. There is, for instance, an advertising agency's account executive who for years has gotten away with chewing on the job by partaking of quantities so small that they do not cause

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SCORECARD

his cheek to bulge (though some chewers would tell you that half the fun is in the bulge) and by keeping a philodendron plant in his office. The plant's pot serves as a camouflaged gaboon.

A more widely used stratagem, Cope says, is the large manila envelope stuffed with tissue paper and tucked in a waste basket. At day's end the executive suite chewer seals the envelope, puts it in his attaché case and, on passing the first sidewalk trash receptacle, casually drops in the envelope as though it were last month's market report.

Cope concedes that tobacco chewers face an uphill fight.

"It is time we came out of hiding," he bugles, "and replied to the Puritan Pauls. It is no concern of mine that Coach Brown says he will fire any player caught drinking or chasing women, but when he describes a tobacco chewer as 'an animal' I suggest he is indulging in demagoguery."

Anyone for snuff?

THEY SAID IT

- Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State football coach, an eternal optimist, to an overenthusiastic alumni gathering. "The trouble with you people is that you get carried away by my enthusiasm."
- Bob Scheffing, Detroit manager, after the major leagues voted for another 162-game baseball season: "If the magnates were smart and logical, they would go for a 140-game schedule. They would make more money for themselves; they would have a better pennant race and a finer caliber of baseball."
- Dr. Morris M. Cohn, fish-minded recreationist, on pollution control: "Require every city and industry that is now dumping wastes into streams to take their water from an intake located below their waste outfalls."
- Frank Howard, Clemson coach, on college football players: "They're like tomatoes. When you get them they're green, and you want to bring them along until they're just ripe—you know, firm and ripe. They can't get mushy. Sometimes seniors go to seed."

SLOWDOWN ENDS

As each player stepped up to the first tee in the Portland Open golf tournament he was handed a rule sheet which stressed that slow play would be penalized. On Friday afternoon Jack Nicklaus walked off the 18th green thinking he



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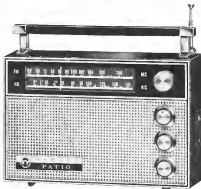


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SCORECARD *continued*

had shot a 67. He had. But the score was recorded as a 69 because Joe Ed Black, PGA tournament supervisor, had penalized him two strokes for slow play.

Black said he had warned Nicklaus at the 10th tee because his threesome was then two holes behind the next group. "He just fiddles around a lot, steps off yardage to the green, takes several clubs from his bag before making a choice," Black said. In previous tournaments, he estimated, he had warned Nicklaus "on 10 or 12 occasions."

Never in PGA history had anyone so prominent or even anyone with a chance to win been thus penalized.

Nicklaus' first reaction was to say: "You're kidding!" Then he said the ruling was not just and that the threesome did speed up after Black's warning. But after some thoughtful consideration he added:

"However, we did lose our position on the course and the rule is in the book. It may be a good thing I was penalized . . . Joe had a job to do. It's a hard job and, well, he did it."

Which was as sporting a summation as a man might make.

"Golfers everywhere watch the pros," Arnold Palmer observed recently. "If we start taking all day to play 18 holes, so will they."

True enough. Slow play is already the plague of the country club. Maybe Black's courageous ruling will have an effect there, too.

We'd like to nominate Black for commissioner of baseball, a game that could use him. As for the tournament, Nicklaus played so well he won it anyway.

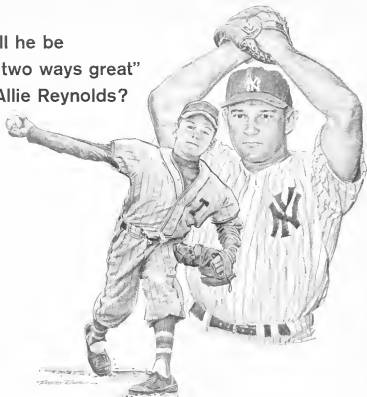
THE INSIDE TRACK

- Largely because of rapid growth in its college (as opposed to university) division (from 111 to 373 schools in the last 10 years) the NCAA will step up its program of national championship events for colleges, adding golf, tennis, track and field and wrestling in 1963 to the present basketball and cross-country competition and adding still more national championships in 1964 and the year after.

- In pursuit of greater power, to go with already strong pitching, the Houston Colt 45s are about to acquire Milwaukee's Joe Adcock through purchase or trade. Norm Larker, unable to supply the first-base power the Colts need, may be traded to the American League

continued

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Not every youngster can be an Allie Reynolds. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less reach championship heights. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete.

Never before has physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, been more important than it is today. President Kennedy has stated:

"The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people...The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program, Equitable has prepared a special motion picture: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to interested groups in your community, contact your nearest Equitable office, or write to: James F. Oates, Jr., President, The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N.Y.

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For an attractive 75¢ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Allie Reynolds, to Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1526, New York 2, New York



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SCORECARD *continued*

to make room for Adcock, whom the Braves will deal off in favor of a youth movement.

GRAY EMINENCE

One of the shibboleths of the racetracks has been a prejudice against the gray horse. "I never bet a gray" has been a standard cliché of the pseudo expert. At the same time an occasional snob has insisted on betting nothing but grays. One would guess, and even hope, that they both lose.

The anti-gray position stems from two gray stallions, Stefan the Great and Royal Minstrel, who sired poor children. But the arguments for the pro-gray position are compelling. One of them was Mahmoud. He was a gray, and they did well who bet on him wisely when he raced in England as a 2- and 3-year-old in the stable of the late Aga Khan III. Mahmoud raced 11 times in England. He was first four times, second twice and third three times. One of his wins was the Epsom Derby of 1936, which he won in the record time of 2:33 4/5. The record still stands.

Those who bred to him did even better. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney bought Mahmoud for \$84,000 in 1940. He was loaded onto a freighter at Liverpool and, by the merest luck that a gray-fancier might cherish, the ship's captain objected to his papers. His vessel would not, he said, accept livestock. So the freighter was torpedoed, and Mahmoud sailed through on the next available boat.

He never raced in the U.S., but he did pass on his speed to his children and grandchildren. From 1940 through the 1961 season they won \$8,195,186. His most successful son was Oil Capitol, who earned \$580,756 and now is siring winners on his own. Only Bull Lea, Helipolis and Alibhai had more \$100,000 winners than Mahmoud. And his daughters were the mothers of Gallant Man, Promised Land and Determine. Mahmoud's gray coat was seen in many of his progeny.

Mahmoud was retired from stud in 1958 and put in the next four years munching the rich Whitney grass—years that were pleasant and lush. The other day, at the age of 29, he died. In human terms this might mean that he had lived to be 90. We shall never again see a gray in the post parade without doffing a \$2 ticket.

END

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IT'S THE YANKEES VS.



LA OR SF

HITTING

This has been an off year for many Yankees, but the crisp, cool scent of money so often alters a player's performance that men like Roger Maris, Bill Skowron, Elston Howard, John Blanchard and even aging Yogi Berra must be rated on their fierce potential. To boot, there is Bobby Richardson, who goes wild each postseason.

Even Clete Boyer, who once was considered the pause that refreshes as far as rival pitchers were concerned, has turned mean, hitting .275 this year. The Dodgers can't match the Yankees in power, but they can run them silly. Some Dodgers can hit home runs—Frank Howard, Tommy and Willie Davis and Ron Fairly. But basically, this team is built around the Swift Set: Maury Wills, the Davines, Jim Griffith and John Roseboro. When they get on, they can rattle a pitcher out of his shoes.

A Yankee-Giant Series would pit thump against thump. Willie Mays, Orlando Cepeda, Felipe Alou and Willie McCovey can mix it up with the best of them. Jim Davenport, Harvey Kuenn and Chuck Hiller get on base.

PITCHING

In eight World Series, Whitey Ford has won nine games and compiled an ERA of 1.98. How the Yankees fare in this World Series depends to an enormous extent on his increasingly unpredictable left arm. Behind Ford the Yankee staff is shaky. Twenty-two-game winner Ralph Terry has a history of yielding big hits at bad times and Bill Stafford has not blossomed. Yankee relief has been a headache for Manager Ralph Houk all season.

The Dodgers have a stronger pitching staff. There is Don Drysdale, winner of 25 games this year. Johnny Podres has had a so-so season, but he is a "money pitcher." The Dodgers may also start Stan Williams and the biggest mystery of all: the injured Sandy Koufax. When he is right, he is baseball's best pitcher. The Dodger bullpen is strong, led by Ed Roebuck, Ron Peranowski and Larry Sherry.

The Giants have the most balanced pitching of all. Jack Sanford, Juan Marchal and Billy O'Dell are the big three, with Billy Pierce, Don Larsen (remember?) and Stu Miller to back them up.

Let a team's two best pitchers fall off their accustomed pace, put the hex on the two best hitters, sack the All-Star shortstop off to the Army, and what have you got? A second-division team? No, you've got the New York Yankees, who next week will be at the same old stand: the World Series, their 13th in 16 years. What happened? As significant as anything, Thomas Michael Tresh happened.

Like a 6-foot Band-Aid, Shortstop Tom Tresh was asked to patch together the wounded Yankee infield from April to August. Despite the tension of playing for the New York Yankees, he stuck. Next thing you knew, he was playing left field. With 89 RBIs, Tresh ranks second on his team, and his No. 3 spot in the batting order is the one held this time a year ago by the storied Roger Maris. Named to the All-Star team, Tom Tresh nevertheless is no more than a rookie. (And, of course, he is a runaway choice to be elected the



TOM TRESH CAME OUT OF THE MINORS TO HELP THE YANKEES

THE WEST

FIELDING

The Yankee defense is the strongest in baseball. There are few better catchers than Howard, and his strong arm could break the Swift Set more than a little. Richardson makes all the plays at second. Kubek, after shaking off his Army cobwebs, is back at shortstop, which he plays in a high style all his own. Boyer, with the fastest reflexes in the East (or West), is at third. The outfield of Tresh, Mantle and Maris has speed and strong arms.

The Dodgers juggled lineups nervously late in the season. When Tommy Davis is in left field, Gilliam at third and Larry Burdett at second, all is calm, all is bright. When Davis is moved to third and Gilliam to second to make room for Wally Moon or Duke Snider in the outfield, the infield means with pain. The rest of the Dodgers are tolerable infield, with only one exception: Frank Howard.

The Giant infield of Cepeda, Hiller, Pagan and Davenport passes the major league test, but only Davenport is eye-popping. Mays is in center, which automatically makes the outfield superb,

THE SUM-UP

The outcome of a NY-LA Series could hang on two pitchers: Ford and Koufax. The first two games would be in Los Angeles, which can be scintillatingly hot in early October. Ford tires quickly in heat. He would do better starting game 3 in Yankee Stadium, but the Yankees can't wait that long. Ford will be counted on to work three games if necessary. Koufax looked anything but fit the first times out after his long lay-off, and may not even be ready for a Series. But if he suddenly rounded into form, or even 75% of his form, the Dodger pitching staff might take control.

Much, too, will depend on another player who turns up frequently on such call: Mickey Mantle. In terms of sheer determination, that has been his latest season, but his legs have been looking unsteady of late. With a little rest, however, Mantle could do much to neutralize the Dodgers' advantage in the pitching department.

All other things being equal, a NY-LA Series would turn on the matter of whether the Yankees can control the

New York has the biceps, the Dodgers have the legs and the Giants have hopes. The World Series shapes up as a tight one, and the Yankees will be counting heavily on Tom Tresh, a rookie who has never seen a Series game

Swift Set. The Yankees have fired no team all season with the Dodgers' speed, but neither have the Dodgers faced a catcher with the all-round skill of Elston Howard. A battery of Ford and Howard should have no trouble with the swifties, but the right-handers Terry and Stafford lack Ford's move to first and his poise. The Dodgers have been running better pitchers to the showers all season long.

If the Giants produce a miracle fresh (an old Giant habit), they would probably start right-handers Sanford and Marichal in Candlestick Park, lefties O'Dell and Pierce in the Stadium. Ford would be happier in the cool benches of San Francisco, but the tough right-handed Giant hitters could give him fits. A Yankee-Giant Series might well turn into a wild, free-swinging affair.

The Dodgers, take them all for all, are a slightly better team than the Yankees, but the Yankees have one big advantage: plenty of World Series experience. If Koufax were well, the Dodgers would win. Without him, the Yankees are the best bet by a shade.

American League's Rookie of the Year.) Tresh has never set eyes on a World Series game, but he is, if form means anything, as unlikely to choke as Yogi Berra.

"The Yankees were in a terrible bind; things were really crucial last spring," says a front-office man. "Tony Kubek is as good a shortstop as any man playing the position, and where was he? Off at Fort Lewis in Washington with the Wisconsin 32nd. The chances of our trading for a competent replacement were nil, so Ralph Houk sponsored a contest." There were two contestants: Tresh, a four-year resident of the Yankee farm system, and Phil Linz, a solid-hitting shortstop with Amarillo. Linz performed well, but Tresh beat him out. Says the loser, cheerfully: "My friend Tom has the stronger arm—and he has the precedent. Twice before, in Richmond and in Binghamton, he won the shortstop job over me. But my luck's improving. At least

this time they let me stay around to watch him play."

Though Tresh was able to take the measure of co-rookie Linz, he is not yet an even match for the rangy, resourceful Kubek. "If it's a matter of fractions of inches, Kubek wins," says a Yankee—and Tresh agrees. "All I hoped was that by the time Tony came back from the Army, the Yankees would be in first place," Tresh says. "Then I could satisfy myself that I'd done the fill-in job expected of me."

When Kubek returned in August, the Yankees were first, and Tresh's fielding as well as his bat were not inconsiderable factors. So far Tresh has hit better than the veteran Kubek did last year, and his batting with men on base has been so sure that Roger Maris, who won the RBI title last year, is the only Yankee outproducing him.

To a lot of ordinary men, the return of a Kubek might cause a slight indisposition of spirit. But Tom Tresh, like

continued

many ballplayers, professes to be unencumbered by the niggling frets of insecurity, and in fact claims that he calmly awaited the hero's arrival. Says Tresh, "I was under more strain with him away." After 10 days of conditioning in left field, Kubek quietly changed places with ex-Shortstop Tresh. "I know it would make a better story," says Tresh, "if I had cursed the luck and carried on, but I felt no hostility toward Tony getting his job back. I never cared what position I played in the majors as long as I played." He was also glad to contemplate the future sketched in for him by Hook. As Tresh wrote to his parents at the time: "My days as a shortstop may very well be over. . . . Ralph told me if I didn't want to make the change [to left field] I didn't have to. He told me he thought I had the potential to be another Kalline. . . . He also told me that he had to start thinking of someone to replace Mantle in center field and that he was going to groom me for that eventually."

Although Tresh had not played in the outfield since the seventh grade, his father, Mike Tresh, began teaching him to be an all-round player long before it occurred to the

Yankees. The grandson of a Pennsylvania coal miner from the Ukraine, Tom was born in 1938, the same year Mike commenced his own 12-year major league career as a catcher with the White Sox. "A couple of years after that," says Mike, "Tom could connect with one of those miniature souvenir bats and a rubber ball. He had an early eye." The infant Tom also had an early hustle. Trying to beat out a looper over the coffee table, he once slid through a window in the living room's French doors, bears the scar on his face to this day. "Even so," says Mike Tresh, "the Yankees made Tom a Yankee. He learned things in four months that it took me four years to learn. Not many second-generation ballplayers outshine their dads in the majors, but, oh my. When Tom hit his second home run he tied my lifetime record. I don't bother to compare us anymore."

One way Mike helped his son outshine him was to teach him switch hitting, encouraging the boy to practice the unnatural art until it became routine. "The thing my dad kept me from learning," says Tom, "was bad habits."

Mike also insisted that Tom get started in college before

A 'SNAKE-SLIDING' DODGER TRIES TO STEAL THE PENNANT

If the Los Angeles Dodgers hold together and win the National League pennant, it may be said that they stole it. More accurately, a slight, almost frail Dodger stole it. Maurice Moring Wills is his name and the first time this larcenous son of a Baptist minister gets on base against the Yankees' left-handed Whitey Ford, possessor of one of the most unfathomable pick-off motions in baseball, a dramatic high point of the World Series already will have been reached. Will Ford pick him off? Will little Maury steal? For the answer, tune in next week. For the moment, the problem that is Maury Wills, the man who broke Ty Cobb's record of 96 stolen bases in a single season, remains unsolved.

Just where the Dodgers would have landed this year without Wills is not hard to figure. "Third place, no higher," insists Charlie Metro, who as head coach of the ninth-place Chicago Cubs is in a position to view the race with a certain amount of objectivity. Houston Manager Harry Craft says: "Wills was worth between 15 and 20 games to the Dodgers."

The very thought of Wills is upsetting to the opposition. Infielders play where they shouldn't, pitchers throw what they shouldn't and catchers make errors they shouldn't, and all because of a man who almost has to stand on tiptoes to get a drink at the fountain. "Wills is so upsetting to a pitcher," says Metro, "he loses his concentration on the hitter and maybe he loses a little of his stuff. You start throwing slop to major league hitters and

bingo—you've got men on first and third."

It takes six ingredients to steal bases consistently, and Wills has them all: good judgment (Dodger Manager Walter Alston leaves it strictly up to Wills when and when not to steal), a thorough knowledge of rival pitchers (some give away their intentions by a turn of the shoulders or even a facial expression), ability to take a proper lead off base, quick reflexes, natural speed (Wills is second only to teammate Willie Davis, who is the fastest player ever to perform in the major leagues) and confidence.

"When I set out to steal a base," says Wills, "that's exactly what I expect to do. I figure I have a 50-50 chance of stealing second on any pitcher."

Therefore, I can be wrong only half of the time. So far I've been wrong only 5% of the time. I'm way ahead of this game." Another advantage for Wills: empires respect his judgment, are reluctant to call him out on close plays. (This is the same reasoning that made empires slow to call a strike on Ted Williams.)

Base-stealing talents Wills may have,

but obviously they would be of minimal use if he could not contrive ways to get to first base. Around the National League, the defensive strategy is pretty much the same. "Keep Wills off the bases," says St. Louis Cardinal Manager Johnny Keane. "Don't let him get on," orders Phillie Manager Gene Mauch. Wills handles this particular stratagem by hitting line singles and beating out topped grounders—the kind of hits the sluggers scorn but that give Wills a near .300 batting average.

Much has been written on how good base thieves steal off the pitcher, but with Wills, no one—pitcher, catcher or infielder—can always be blamed. In a recent game

MAURY WILLS, THE GREATEST BASE STEALER IN MODERN



becoming a professional ballplayer. Since Plant Policeman Mike Tresh did not go to college, Tom got the drift. He and his father steered off the scouts with the suggestion to call again in three years, and Tom enrolled that spring at Central Michigan University with a grant-in-aid baseball scholarship and a hakewarm aim, à la Casey Stengel, to become a dentist. But in Tom's freshman year the whole Tresh family succumbed to the lure of a \$30,000 offer from the Yankees. "I was supposed to talk to Boston the next day," says Tresh, "but I told them never mind, I had what I wanted. I was on my own at 19, I had enough money so I could finish college and I had a job with New York." Says Dr. William Theunissen, a Ph.D. who coached Tresh in college: "I always thought he'd have been smarter to wait another year, that he'd get more money with another season of college ball behind him. But now when he gets his share of the World Series loot this year, he can come back up here, buy a piece of the school and fire me."

Put to work in the Yankees' St. Petersburg Class D seed bed in 1958, Tresh moved variously to New Orleans,

Greensboro, Amarillo, Binghamton, last year to Class AAA Richmond. "Going up and down as you sometimes do in the minor leagues," says Tresh, "can get you to wondering. But through it all, my dad never pampered me, took my side or let me feel sorry for myself. He told me the Yankees knew what they were doing, it was always tough in the minors and I had better get used to it. To get up, and stay up, he said, I had to bear down." Bearing down also meant getting back to school in the fall as soon as possible. Tresh has switched from dentistry to a major in physical education, and though he is sometimes a few weeks late reporting for classes, the administration overlooks it.

Thus, at 24, Thomas Tresh is sitting pretty. He has dotting parents, a wife and a three-week-old daughter. His new job in the outfield ought to add five years to his playing days ("They'll have to carry me out"), and, as one of the New York demigods, he'll carry off a bundle of money in the next few years. Altogether there is only one thing bothering him: his Central Michigan textbooks were shipped to him just the other day. His assignment is to get cracking.

—HUSTON HORN

Cincinnati Catcher Hank Foiles asked Pitcher Ted Wills for a pithout, the better to catch Wills. Sure enough, Foiles had guessed correctly: Wills was running. Foiles's throw was fast and true: The tag by Second Baseman Don Blasingame was made with dispatch. And Wills was safe. He ably simply makes a shambles of these well-laid plans. "When I see Wills trying to steal second," said one National League catcher, "I throw to third." Others merely cling to the ball.

Just as Ty Cobb considered sliding an important part of stealing bases, so does Wills. But where Cobb would slide any which way, depending on where the throw was, Wills slides in one way only, outside and on his right side. "I want to be going away from the base, away from the peg

and away from the sweep of the second baseman's glove," Wills says. "When you slide inside, you're a dead duck." So quickly does Wills change from runner to slider it appears as if he has been felled by a dumstun. At the point where ordinary runners are skidding along in their slide, Wills is still on his feet for a couple of extra strides.

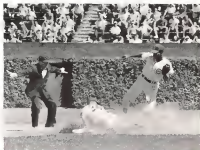
His arrival at second base involves no fuss, no muss and almost no dust. He lands like a striking snake and, indeed, New York Met Manager Casey Stengel calls Wills's specialty "the snake slide." It differs from the conventional hook slide in which the runner catches the base with his bent left leg. Wills's legs are stuck out ahead of him. He fades to the right with his right leg and upper body and touches

the outside of the bag with his left foot. Statistically Wills's technique appears to be the correct one. The year Cobb stole 95 bases, he was felled 38 times. Thus far, Wills has been caught just 12 times.

All of which has led Milwaukee Brave Manager Eddie Tebbetts to call Wills "the greatest thing that's happened to the National League in a long time." Says Tebbetts: "Wills will teach young ballplayers what managers and coaches have been trying to teach them for a long time: fundamentals." No longer, asserts Tebbetts, will a young player go through the motions in a semiconscious state. Sleepers afraid will find the swift-running Mr. Wills and the rest of the Swift Set treading lightly across their toes. So will the Yankees if they don't watch out.

—TOM C. BARRY

HISTORY, GOES INTO A RARE BELLY SLIDE AGAINST CUBS, APPEARS BRATEN BY THE THROW, BUT HE MAKES SECOND SAFELY



LOST IN A FOREST OF NEEDLES

The most famous names in amateur golf came to grief in the woods of Pinehurst as the national championship was won by an unknown 20-year-old who managed to stick to the fairways

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Photo by Kirby Ryland/Harper



The man who is bowing to the needling obstructions in the picture below is finding out what the country's best amateur golfers all learned last week: that the unrelenting and piny confinements of the renowned No. 2 course at the Pinehurst Country Club in North Carolina can destroy one's most sun-steeped dreams. The young man's name

is Downing Gray, and at this very moment during the closing hours of the final round in the National Amateur golf championship he is starting to lose a seemingly safe five-hole lead.

When the 36-hole final match started last Saturday morning, even the most dedicated followers of golf had trouble identifying the two strangers who were

standing in the positions usually occupied by the more celebrated names of this sport. One was Gray, a thin, 24-year-old insurance salesman from Pensacola, Fla. who had never before entered a national championship. The other was Lubron Harris Jr., a lanky youth of 20 who comes from Stillwater, Okla., where he graduated with honors

continued

DISASTER BEGAN FOR DOWNING GRAY WHEN HIS DRIVE ON THE 22ND HOLE LEFT HIM IN THE CLUTCHES OF NEARLY IMPASSABLE PINES



in mathematics from Oklahoma State University.

As these two obscure athletes prepared to tee off on the all-day grind that would determine the winner of the second most prestigious golf title in the U.S., the interest in the outcome was about on a level with the concern over whether it would rain that morning in Nome, Alaska. But by 3 o'clock that afternoon, the solemn Mr. Harris had demolished this indifference, along with his opponent's five-hole lead, by staging one of the most thrilling comebacks in the 62 years of the Amateur.

Gray had spent five exhausting and tension-filled days reaching the finals while beating nobody more famous than one Marion Methvin Jr. of Little Rock, Ark. Harris, on the other hand, had taken a much more spectacular route, beating Public Links Champion Richard Sikes, Honero Blancas of Houston, the runner-up in this year's collegiate championship, and then, in a wildly nerve-racking and seesawing 36-hole semifinal on Friday, Billy Joe Patton himself, the aging Bonnie Prince Charlie of amateur golf. As the afternoon round began, it looked for sure as if Gray's steady, workmanlike style, executed off an admirably compact swing, would get the Carolina gallery back to the clubhouse television set in time to watch home-state Duke play USC in the Blue Devils' opening football game of the season.

Harris had other ideas, however. Refusing to be ruffled by his deep deficit, he began to play nearly flawless golf. His long, lazy swing was moving the ball straight down the fairways for excellent distance; his chipping and putting could have won him a Marine marksman's medal. Playing the first eight holes of the afternoon—the 19th through the 26th of the match—in one under par, he won six, lost one and halved one to draw even. Gray, in the meantime, had lost most of the superb concentration that had served him so well throughout his first six matches of the tournament. He was spraying his drives far into Pinehurst's tall, long-leaf pines that surround the fairways like obelisks in a Grecian temple. His approaches and his putts refused to obey his will. Perhaps just a bit too soon, he had allowed himself the privilege of picturing a victory that was not yet his.

By the 28th hole Gray lapsed into his fifth bogey out of the 10 holes he had

played thus far in the afternoon, and Harris went into the lead, 1 up. With immense determination, Gray regained control of himself and his game and proceeded to dam the flood of trouble. Even the appearance of General Eisenhower, who drove up in a bright-blue golf cart as the players reached the 12th hole, failed to shake Gray's new resolution—or Harris' poise—which is more than can be said for the gallery. For a while it wandered in schizophrenic disorder, attempting to give all its attention to both Ike and what was by now a tough, boiling golf match.

After the two players had hit their tee shots on the 15th, they were asked if they wished to meet Ike, who had to leave at that moment to catch a plane. Gray said he would prefer to wait until after the hole was finished. Harris told the referee, "Well, I might as well get it over with now." As he turned and walked back alone to where Ike was waiting, Harris, who has a most pleasing boyishness about him, muttered to himself: "Getting it over with is not exactly the way I meant to put it."

The gangly, 6-foot-3-inch youth mumbled his thanks as Ike said, "I didn't want to disturb you, but I wanted to congratulate you on the magnificent fight you have made."

Harris hurried back to his golf and salvaged a par out of the hole with a brilliant 80-foot chip shot. He birdied the 16th to go 2 up, then lost the 17th, a 187-yard par 3, to Gray's courageous and completely necessary par.

At the final hole—a longish par 4—Harris needed a four-foot putt for his victory, the kind of putt that makes it exceedingly hard to breathe. He gave it a good long look, and while the nervous crowd and his agonized opponent shifted uneasily under the leaden sky, he tapped it in. A porpoise's grin crossed his round boyish face for one of the first times that day, and he waved his long arms limply in the air.

"I'm kinda happy all right," he said self-consciously when they gave him the fussy gold trophy. "It's kinda hard to believe I was fortunate enough to win. I can hardly believe it."

A lot of other people felt the same way, for Labron Harris Jr.'s name is recognizable only because of his father, a sometime touring pro who coaches golf at Oklahoma State. Labron Jr.'s record contains nothing but such modest entries as Western Junior champion in 1960, and Oklahoma State champion in 1962.

But his victory brought smiles to the faces of USGA officials as well as his own, for unlike so many of the best young golfers in the Southwest, Labron has not been using college golf as a kind of free, four-year prep school for the professional circuit. This week, as he celebrates his 21st birthday, he also will begin to study for his master's degree in statistics. Golf will now delay his education a bit. He has been named to the four-man U.S. team that will compete in the World Amateur in Japan this October. But then it is back to school for the new champ.

Those who have never followed the arduous six-day ordeal of the Amateur Championship of the U.S. Golf Association (as it is formally labeled) find it difficult to comprehend some of the qualities besides golfing skill that are needed for victory: the endurance to swim the English Channel underwater and the nerves to let your life savings ride on the double zero at Las Vegas



would both be a help. Momentarily lacking one or another of these gifts, some of the best amateur golfers of this or any other generation were eliminated so early in last week's tournament that by Thursday morning's fifth round only two of the 16 golfers still in contention seemed very familiar.

One of these was Homero Blancas, a swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed Mexican-American who only five weeks ago had scored an unbelievable 55 in a tournament in Texas (SI, Sept. 3). Blancas had survived to the quarter-finals only by reason of a razor-thin victory on the previous day over Deane Beman, the 1960 Amateur champion, in the longest, wildest match of the week. Ten times in the first 18 holes the match seemed back and forth—Beman 1 up, even, Beman 1 up, even, Beman 1 up, even, Blancas 1 up and so on until Blancas missed a tiny two-foot putt on the 18th green to send the players into extra holes. At this point, Beman's putter, widely re-

spected as one of the most effective weapons in all golf, became as useless as a broomstick. As they halved hole after extra hole, Berman missed one short putt after another, any of which would have won the match. Finally, at the 34th hole, Blancas sank a 15-footer to win. Twenty-four hours later Harris put an end to Blancas' title bid.

Beman had plenty of company in this four week hot noted amateurs. Charlie Coe, who had twice won the tournament (in 1949 and 1958) and was runner-up by a stroke to Gary Player in the 1961 Masters, lost 3 and 2 to young Bill Gieringer of Newport News, Va. in his opening match. A similar misfortune struck Bill Hyndman, who has been one of our leading amateurs for more than a decade. Others who failed to get beyond the second round included former Walker Cuppers Ward Wetlaufer, Bill Campbell and Bob Gardner as well as Dudley Wyszog, runner-up to Jack Nicklaus in last year's championship.

The finality of losing a match at the Amateur contains a poignancy that is absent from stroke-play tournaments, where even a golfer who is hopelessly out of contention can at least carry on as if all were well and perhaps even redeem his pride with a remarkable score the next day. In tennis this week's loser has next week's tournament to look forward to, or possibly a victory in one of the doubles events. But at the Amateur there is nothing left but the heavy burden of defeat and the long trip home. Convention requires the defeated to get out of the way, to remove their anguish from the clear and happy joy of the victor, and the all-week exodus of players from Pinehurst was a melancholy thing. The ways of the Amateur are harsh, but they add enormous drama to a great golf event. And if the memory is vivid of how a crestfallen Downing Gray lost a trophy in the pines, the winning smile of young Labron Harris is more vivid still.

NEW CHAMPION LARSON HARRIS JR. LOOKS ANXIOUSLY AFTER A CRUCIAL SHOT ON THE FINAL ROUND—THEN GRINS WITH RELIEF



A TEAM EVEN A COACH CAN LOVE

To hear Penn State Coach Rip Engle tell it, his Nittany Lions couldn't beat Vassar. But when State crushed Navy last week, it was clear that it was the best in the East **by WALTER BINGHAM**

It may kill Rip Engle, Penn State's coach, to hear about it, but he has a fine football team. Success, you see, makes Engle miserable. By crushing a supposedly formidable Navy team last week 41-7 Penn State threatened to make this the most miserable season of Engle's life. It also proved that State is the best team in the East and perhaps one of the best in the country.

Engle has a whole locker full of outstanding players. There is, for instance, Roger Kochman, the moody but brilliant halfback, who as a sophomore ran back a kickoff 100 yards for a touchdown against Syracuse, the national champions. Kochman is a bit of a hypochondriac—"He

wouldn't be Kochman if he was healthy," said a local newspaperman—and in practice he jogs when others run, but his coaches look away and wait for Saturday afternoons. Last Saturday afternoon against Navy, Kochman ran all over the place, skirting end, smashing through the middle, leaping high to catch passes and generally looking very much like the All-America many people think he is.

Penn State also has a solid wall of tough linemen, led by two giants, Chuck Sieminski and Dave Robinson, both sure bets for the pros. Teammates have nicknamed Sieminski, a 6-foot-5, 255-pound tackle, "the biggest man in the world." Robinson, an end, is a mere 6 feet 3 and 220 pounds. When Engle and his staff want to test the courage of new men they line them up in scrimmage against Sieminski and Robinson. Those who survive have made the team.

But the team pet is a little man, Junior Powell, a 165-pound halfback. A couple of winters ago Powell was racing someone in the gymnasium with such enthusiasm that he crashed into the wall and broke his jaw. "All my life," says Rip Engle, "I've been looking for a back who could run through a brick wall." Navy was no brick wall, but Saturday Powell ran through it for two touchdowns anyway.

In spite of these players, Engle was worried about the game with Navy. To Engle no sky is completely blue, no rose without its thorn. What bothered him was that he didn't have a quarterback, someone to replace last year's star, Galen Hall. Technically he had three quarterbacks, but none with enough experience. "It's like going into the World Series with a rookie pitcher," said Joe Paterno, the backfield coach. Engle agreed. "We won't know anything until we see how our quarterbacks act," he said. Saturday they acted. Pete Liske, Don Cunn and Ron Costes completed 16 of 24 throws for 234 yards. Passing, as much as running, was responsible for the lopsided score.

Around Penn State, Engle's gloom is taken about as seriously as a course in home decoration. Were he to be playing Vassar on Saturday, he would try to convince people that his second team is weak and that Vassar has some good halfbacks. He starts a football week in doubt, goes on to despair and finally to expectant disaster. One morning last week he stood in the lobby of the Nittany Lion Inn studying the floor. "I just saw the *Topsy* program," he said somberly. "Lescoulie picks Navy. That's wise."

Despite this constantly gloomy outlook, Rip Engle has never had a losing season in his 12 years at Penn State. Even this bothers him. "We're fighting the law of averages," he mumbles. Engle's teams have won three bowl games in the

A LOT OF NOISE comes from Rip Engle on the sidelines as he roars encouragement to his Lions during their assassination of Navy.



last three years, but he will not tolerate talk of a fourth. "You've mentioned a naughty word," said Mrs. Engle one evening as Engle winced. He is still trying to explain how Penn State scored 30 points in the Gator Bowl last year against a Georgia Tech team that had allowed only 50 points all season. "They handed us the last 10 points," he says defensively.

For all this grumbling, Rip Engle is a charming man, soft-spoken, courteous and thoughtful. Throw a black robe over his shoulders and he could play the part of a Supreme Court justice. He has close-cropped white hair, cool blue eyes and a weathered complexion. At 54, his body is still compact. He doesn't smoke or drink. "His only vice," says Jim Tarman, State's sports publicity man, "is his car. He's a potential hot rod." Engle drives a dark blue Cadillac equipped with air-conditioning, soft carpeting and a ship's compass. "When I drive into a strange town I like to know where I'm going," he says.

Engle drove into Penn State in 1950, having left Brown University where he had been head coach for six years. Penn State is located right in the middle of Pennsylvania or, as some people say, equidistant from nowhere. The university was founded in 1855 as a farmers' high school with a student body of 60. Later it became a college and finally, in 1953, it gained university status. It is huge today—about 17,000 students and 180 buildings covering 4,000 acres—and it is still growing.

The football stadium was once in the heart of the campus, but several years ago it was picked up and moved—in 700 pieces—to a new location about a mile away. Now it sits in the middle of the agricultural school, looking like an abandoned aircraft carrier. Cows graze not far from the end zone. A short while ago Coach Engle was showing the campus to George Munger, the former coach at the University of Pennsylvania. On the way to the stadium they passed a large bull standing near the fence. Munger looked at it for a minute and then bellowed: "Moo, moo. I'll give you room and board."

Despite Engle's gloomy predictions before Navy, a large portion of the Penn State student body returned to the campus to watch the game, even though classes would not begin until the following Monday. Two current magazines had ranked Penn State 12th and sixth. "These polls are based on hearsay," said Engle. "They asked me to rank Ohio State. I don't know what Woody Hayes's got, but I put them first because I'd read they were good. No one knows what we'll be like. Expect the worst and hope for the best. I always say."

Navy's coach, Wayne Hardin, was expecting the best. "Penn State is rated No. 1, and that's the way we like it," he said. ("How can we be number one before we play?" asked Engle.) "I can assure you that we won't be scared," Hardin continued. ("We wouldn't want them to be scared," Engle said.) Hardin announced that John Sae, Navy's leading runner last year, was hurt. ("He'll play," said Engle.) "Defense," concluded Hardin, "will be the issue. I don't think we can stop them cold, but we can cut down their

scoring." ("We'll have to cut down their scoring," said Engle, and later: "I feel like I'm sitting on a bomb.")

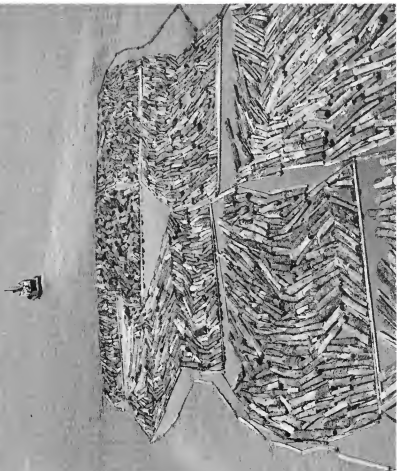
The bomb exploded on Saturday afternoon, but Hardin, not Engle, was sitting on it. Penn State received the kickoff and moved swiftly on the ground. Kochman, Powell and Al Gursky, a strong halfback, one of many, running well. Navy held near its goal, but minutes later State was back and this time it scored. Quarterback Pete Liske sending Gursky through the line without the ball and then flipping him a soft five-yard pass for a touchdown. The rest of the game was a sleighride. The final score of 41-7 might just as easily have been 55-7.

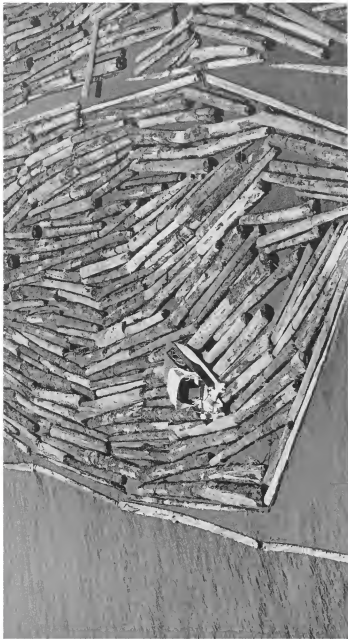
Engle was, of course, pleased, especially with his three quarterbacks—Liske in particular—who had passed accurately and had run the team with poise. True to form, however, he said that the whole team still needed a lot of work. Hardin could only shake his head: "I wish I had Engle's quarterback problems," he said.

By winning so convincingly, Penn State must now be considered not only as the class of the East but as a legitimate national power. Its next opponent is Air Force, and of course Air Force will win. Just ask Rip Engle. **END**



A LOT OF ACTION was Roger Kochman's response to Engle as he ran and caught passes to become an All-America candidate.





Logs, Doreen/Sage • See 9

Bouncing along Washington's Puget Sound one dark night, a speedy little 20-foot outboard cabin cruiser caught up with a 1,200-foot raft of logs moving slowly under tow to an Everett, Wash., sawmill. Result for the cruiser: a few bumpy minutes as she climbed up on the logs and a long, frog ride to Everett as the uninvited but helpless guest of the towing company.

Waterlogged Hitchhiker

'JACK PRICE MUST BE CRAZY'

The controversial owner of this country's most popular horse aggravates his critics by taking Carry Back to Paris to race against Europe's bluebloods

by ROBERT CREAMER



Despite the \$2 bettor and the daily double, horse racing is still the sport of kings—or at any rate of queens and khans and Vanderbilts and Whitneys and Phippses and Guggenheims. They are the people whose wealth underwrites racing and whose love of tradition lends a patina of grace to what is essentially a gambler's game. Yet a week from Sunday, when horse racing reaches its most distinguished moment in 1962—the running of the famous Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris—the often saluted but usually drooping banner of international racing will be held highest and waved most vigorously by no king, no khan, no Phipps, but by a chunky little ex-bookmaker from the wrong side of town named Jack Price.

Jack Price owns a 4-year-old horse named Carry Back, a glamour horse of the first class, a tremendously exciting competitor who has become a genuine celebrity. Carry Back usually lags behind the pace until the bettors scream with pain, and then he comes on with a tremendous rush through the stretch. He won the richest race in the world in 1960, when he was a 2-year-old, and last year he took

both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, both with come-from-behind finishes. This year he became the fourth horse in history to win more than \$1 million in purses. He is the most famous horse in America at the moment, and possibly in the world, and Jack Price has flown him to Paris to run him in the Arc de Triomphe against the best horses Europe has to offer. Other American horses have raced abroad and others have raced in the Arc—and lost—but this is the first time an American horse of Carry Back's high reputation has gone over at the top of his form to put that reputation right on the line. It's quite a thing, and it has given a substantial boost in prestige and publicity to the cause of international racing. And what do American horsemen think of Jack Price for doing this? They think he's crazy.

"I don't know why he's doing it," said a man who has followed the horses in England and in France as well as in the U.S. "I don't see how Carry Back can possibly win. Look. The Arc de Triomphe is run on grass, rather than dirt. Carry Back has had only one race on grass in his

career, and that was a year ago and he finished seventh. That's significant, because he's finished worse than fourth only twice in his last 32 races—once was in the Belmont Stakes, when he hurt himself, and the other was in that grass race. He isn't at home on grass. Secondly, the distance of the Arc is 2,400 meters, which is about a mile and a half. Carry Back has run 51 times in his career and only twice has he been in races longer than a mile and a quarter. He finished seventh in one, the Belmont, and a very bad third, nine lengths behind the winner, in the other. He doesn't like the distance.

"On top of that, in the Arc they don't start the race from a gate, as we do here. They use a net stretched across the track in front of the horses which springs up when they're ready to start. Let's see how he starts from that. They run the race clockwise around the course, instead of counter-clockwise, as we do here. In other words, he's got to run in the wrong direction. He has to carry 132 pounds, which is an awful lot of weight in a race that long. The Longchamp course, where the Arc is run, isn't flat. It undulates. It goes uphill during the first part of the race, then downhill around a curve into the homestretch. He'll feel that weight. Beyond all that, he has the problems of running on a strange track under a strange jockey. And in a strange country. It's too much. It would be a miracle if he won."

Even the press jumped on Price. "Jack Price is doing his best to knock Carry Back out of the running for Horse of the Year honors," wrote Marnie Kalish, the able racing writer of the *New York Post*. "As an admirer of the lean, long-striding colt I shudder to think how unfavorable his chances are in the Arc. . . . It is a question whether Carry Back will retain his form for late fall racing after the trans-Atlantic round trip."

"Price has gone about it all wrong, too," said the veteran of European racing. "He waited until the end of August before he did anything about a jockey. Then Laz Whitney Tippet phoned England and got Scobie Breasley for him. Breasley is good—he even won the Arc one year—but Price is having trouble getting him over from England to work the horse. Carry Back should have a French rider, one who is there and who knows the course and the horses and the other jockeys. He could have had Neville Sellwood, one of the best riders in France. Price is stabling Carry Back with Alec Head, a highly respected French trainer, and Sellwood usually rides for him, but Alec doesn't have anything going in the Arc."

"Then there's the thing about the shoes. Carry Back's regular racing plates have a high toe and blocks. A week or so before he left for Paris, Price heard that he'd have to use flat French shoes in the Arc. So he charged ahead and had them put on. Then he decided to ask permission to use the old shoes and had the Jockey Club's Marshall Cassidy phone Paris. The French said O.K. if the shoes weren't dangerous to other horses and that Carry Back's *sounded* all right. Off came the French shoes, on went the regular ones. But when Price got to France the American shoes were examined and declared unacceptable, and now he'll either have to file Carry Back's down flat or put French

shoes on. It's a bit late to get the horse used to strange shoes.

"Price should have planned things. It's a year since he first talked of going over. He could have had someone like Godolphin Darley act as his agent. Darley is bilingual and knows everything about French racing. A man like that would have foreseen the problems and had everything straightened out well ahead of time. Really, it's a shame. If Carry Back finishes better than 10th he's a wonder horse."

The man didn't say so, but the feeling persisted that the bluebloods in racing will not cry themselves to sleep if Carry Back and Price fail in France. Old-line horse people have never held Jack Price in very high esteem, though they do like him personally—it would be difficult not to like this humorous, quick-witted, considerate man. But some of them resent what might be called his usurpation of the position as chief spokesman for horse racing. Price and Carry Back have dominated racing news for two years now, partly because of Carry Back's remarkable success but just as much because Price is delightfully refreshing copy in a sport wallowing in its own clichés. ("Hell," said a pro-Price man, "Jack has got more good publicity for racing in the past two years than those so-called sportsmen have in their lifetime.")

The older, more conservative racing people feel that it is really not quite fair that Price and Carry Back have had so much success. Price entered racing full time only seven years ago, although he has had at least a part ownership in racehorses through most of his adult life. He took over training of his own horses, a sacrilegious step to those who feel a trainer must undergo a long apprenticeship before he can possibly know enough to be successful. The bluebloods people feel that Carry Back is badly bred for a championship horse, and they seem to imply that this somehow is inexcusable. Carry Back's dam, Joppy, raced seven times and was beaten seven times, and his sire, Saggy, was a cheap and unfashionable stallion, though in truth he wasn't a bad horse at all. He won eight of his 14 races, earned over \$60,000, set a world record for 4½ furlongs, beat Citation in the only race that superb animal lost during his 3-year-old season and has a fairly good record as a stud. "He gets winners," Price said. "And that's all I was looking for. I wasn't trying to breed a classic horse." Even so, Carry Back has more classic blood in him than the extremists would have you believe. His four great-grandfathers were Equipoise, Hyperion, Blenheim II and a son of Teddy, and you can't do much better than that. The trouble is, the combination of Saggy and Joppy *sounded* so awful that it's been accepted as gospel that Carry Back was bred like a cart horse. And Joppy didn't help much to dispel that belief when just a month before her famous son won the Kentucky Derby she died in Florida after being kicked in the head by another mare, a marvelously rowdy death to add to the wrong-side-of-the-tracks legend.

Price has a distinctly nonblueblood background himself. Born in Cleveland 55 years ago, he is the oldest son of a poor Jewish immigrant from Russia who, Price says, was a horseman, too—he sold vegetables from a horse and wagon. Jack began scrambling for a dollar when he was 8

continued

years old. He caddied, he worked as a messenger, he was a candy butcher, he ran a newsstand in the Cleveland railroad station, he took bets (and paid fines for taking bets). He married a pretty Irish girl named Katherine Boyle (they have two pretty daughters) who was working in a candy shop in the Cleveland station, started a loan company which he eventually sold to a national firm, Personal Finance Co., invested his money in a manufacturing concern, became president of it and in 1955 sold out his interest to his brothers, Leo and Max. Then he retired ("I'd been working for 40 years," he said. "I figured that was enough") and went into horse racing. He gets along with everyone around the tracks, and almost everyone calls him Jack, from exercise boys to members of The Jockey Club. But he has definite and outspoken ideas on horse racing that differ markedly from the traditional.

There's no great secret to training horses," he said a few weeks ago, before leaving for Paris. "I could take a high school graduate and teach him to be a trainer in six months. I don't say he could get a job as a trainer, because he couldn't afford to make any mistakes. If I hadn't been working for myself I'd have been fired for the mistakes I made when I was first training. But he could learn enough to get a job as an assistant trainer and go on from there. There's no mystery to it. It's just common sense and experience, like anything else.

"They have some strange ideas in racing. Certain things are right and certain things are wrong. Certain stallions become fashionable, and if you don't breed to them you're not doing things the right way. You're not in fashion. It's like a woman who wants a Givenchy dress—if that's the right name—and she'll pay \$800 for an original. A few months later she might find an exact copy of it for \$89 someplace. It's the same dress, isn't it? But it's not as fashionable. The men who own the stallions create the fashion. It's good business, I suppose, but I don't know. There's one man, I swear he'd breed a mare to a Cadillac if he could convince buyers it was fashionable to own a foal with fins.

"I've been criticized for running Carry Back too often. But I've never sent him out to run when he wasn't ready. He's a tough horse and he's consistent. Not running him as much might have saved me some criticism, but it wouldn't have made him a better horse. I have another colt named Derby Line who's had trouble with his ankles, and I've raced him only two or three times. He still isn't any better than he was. After Carry Back lost the Belmont last year they were saying that I had overworked him and that now he had broken down and was all through. He rapped himself in that race, and I held him out for three months, until he was ready again, and then I entered him in a \$6,000 allowance race. I never enjoyed a race of his more than that one. He won it, and he came back a few days later and won the Jerome Handicap and he's been fine ever since.

"I was criticized in 1961 for saying that as far as I was concerned Carry Back was a moneymaking machine and the Kentucky Derby was just another horse race. I wasn't misquoted, but I was misunderstood. I was half kidding with the writers, but what I meant was that as far as the horse was concerned it was just another race, and if he

wasn't ready for it I wouldn't run him. Some of these sportsmen will do anything to a horse to get him on the track for the Derby, or for any other race they want to be in badly enough.

"They're saying that I'm crazy to be going over to run in the Arc, and maybe they're right. But what can I lose? When I first began to run Carry Back as a 2-year-old I thought he was nothing but a sprinter, so I ran him a lot to win what I could fast before the races got longer. Then, when we found out that he was more than that, we went for the bigger races. I had to make him a supplementary entry for The Garden State and, in all, that cost me \$12,000, but I thought it was the best bet I ever made in my life. The horse was 8 to 1, but I stood to win more than \$160,000 for my \$12,000, and that's 13 to 1. Even if he finished as low as fourth I would have got my money back and more. He won. Of course, I supplemented for the Champagne Stakes, too, that year for \$10,000, and Carry Back got left at the gate and finished last."

Price thinks like a gambler, not in the sense of what-the-hell-take-a-chance, but in the practical, mathematical way of the professional, estimating what he might lose against what he might win, weighing the odds and always trying to get odds that are more in his favor than pure chance. All of these factors had been carefully considered when, a month ago, he announced that Carry Back was for sale for \$1 million.

"If I sell Carry Back," he went on, "the new owners may elect to run him for a while next year before putting him to stud, in order to get some of their purchase price back. But if he isn't sold, I won't run him. The money he might win would not be important in comparison to the possible damage he could do to his future stud fee as a stallion. If he runs well he won't add much to his prestige. But if he runs badly he could ruin the reputation he has now. It isn't worth the risk.

"Some people are using the same argument when they talk about me taking him to France, and they say I'm crazy to do it. I can't understand them. First of all, it's a great thing for international racing to have the best horse from the U.S. go to a race like the Arc. And unless the horse gets badly hurt—which is a chance you take anywhere—I honestly don't see what I can lose, except for the money it's costing me to go over. That will run close to \$20,000 for travel and living expenses for Mrs. Price and me and the horse and his groom and the exercise boy and the vet, and for the insurance premiums we have to pay. He's insured already for \$1 million, and the premium on that is \$35,000 a year, or about \$100 a day. For this trip the premium triples to about \$300 a day.

"But the important thing is, the horse's reputation can't suffer. Maybe he'll lose, but that doesn't worry me. He's lost before. I know he'll run a creditable race no matter where he finishes, because he always has. He always tries. If he does lose, they won't blame him—they'll blame me. And if he wins"—Price grinned at the prospect—"Carry Back's stud fee will go out of sight. And we'll win a \$150,000 purse, too.

"I like this horse," said Jack Price. "I like money, too. There's nothing inconsistent about liking both a horse and money, is there?"

END



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EARLY TIMES





At the precise moment shown at left, the Australian sloop "Gretel" swept past the U.S.'s "Weatherly" on the last leg of the second race to become the first America's Cup challenger in 28 years to win a single event in the best-of-seven series. The Aussies' victory evened the score at one all; on the following pages Carleton Mitchell analyzes the factors that gave new suspense to the century-old cup competition.

UNDERDOG SHOWS HER TEETH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK



A BOLD HELMSMAN ON A BOAT WELL FOUND

by CARLETON MITCHELL

Last weekend the stars of the Southern Cross in the Australian ensign floated proudly over the fleet anchored in Brenton Cove at the finish of the fourth race for the America's Cup. Although the score at the time stood at three victories to one in favor of the defending *Weatherly*, the racing had been closer than the numerical results indicated. For the first time in many years a challenger for the cup was providing competition to justify its prestige. As Bobby Mosbacher commented after watching brother Bus stave off *Gretel's* stretch drive on Saturday, when the challenger came from astern to draw almost even with less than a mile to go, "There hasn't been a race where there hasn't been some real excitement." A few minutes later *Weatherly* crewman Vic Romagna put it even stronger as the defender came alongside her tender. "Is there a doctor in the house?" he called across. "We have 11 cardiac cases aboard."

From the first day of competition it was apparent that the gentlemen from down under meant business. Even before the starting gun of the opening race Helmsman Jack Sturrock took the initiative, boldly setting off after Bus Mosbacher to force a combat, something not often witnessed in the summer-long trials, when most rivals seemed intent on finding a peaceful stretch of ocean by themselves. Before that opening contest was over, it was plain that the challenger's crew work was fully as good as that of any American 12-meter and that Naval Architect Alan Payne's first attempt at designing a 12 had resulted in a vessel worthy of the class standard. If there was any shortcoming in the Australian challenge, it was more due to faulty judgment stemming from lack of experience in close competition than shortcomings in design or handling.

The first race was sailed in light to moderate winds, admittedly the best conditions for *Weatherly*; yet *Gretel* did well until a useless tack (the result of an Aussie misconception concerning the importance of carrying a navigator) put her astern. When the boats met again on Tuesday after a postponement provided for in the rules to give either competitor a free day on request, there was an 18-knot breeze at the start, with a fairly large sea. Conditions were similar to those existing when I had sailed aboard *Gretel* against *Vim* (81, Sept. 3), and in these circumstances I felt she might come into her own.

Again Sturrock took the initiative, clamping himself on *Weatherly's* stern and refusing to be dislodged despite a series of evasive maneuvers, then breaking out a genoa at the proper moment and leading *Weatherly* across the line. Yet the defender was in the clear and slightly faster, so that

she built up a lead (opposite page) of approximately three lengths by the time half of the eight-mile windward leg had been sailed. To close the gap, Sturrock instituted a tacking duel. With both crews straining at the coffee grinder winches in a wind that had now built to more than 20 knots, the Australians gained on each hitch. Closer and closer came the two boats, *Gretel's* geared tandem headsail winches that operate a single drum proving as effective as I had anticipated. Sturrock finally slashed the rapier bow of *Gretel* so closely across *Weatherly's* flat transom that she appeared to wipe off droplets of water. So superior was the challenger that Bus Mosbacher was forced to break off the duel, thereafter nursing his lead by playing tactically safe, covering only when necessary, to maintain a lead of 12 seconds at the first mark. Not since the *Columbia-Vim* battles in the final trials of 1958 had such a contest been witnessed.

The second leg of the triangle was a genoa reach. Both

continued



UNAWED BY ODDS or the reputation of the defender, Australian Skipper Jack Sturrock (*Gretel*) proved a smart tactician who never hesitated to bring *Gretel* to close quarters (left) with *Weatherly*.



TENSE TACKLING DUELS, SUCH AS ONE ABOVE IN FOURTH RACE, PROVED AUSSIE BOAT AND CREW (LEFT) WORTHY RIVAL OF U.S.

AMERICA'S CUP *continued*

boats were evenly matched, and the relative distance between them remained the same, bringing them into the final run only a few lengths apart. *Gretel* set her spinnaker first, and then began the most exciting and beautiful moments of this America's Cup—perhaps of any cup match in history. The wind had freshened to some 25 knots, and the seas had lengthened. Both bouts were traveling at close to maximum speed, *Gretel* with white sails, *Weatherly* carrying a ruby-red spinnaker brilliant against a deep blue sky, while crests of seas creamed in the sunshine.

Gretel began to close the gap. Shooting the seas like a surfboard, the challenger gained in great kangaroo leaps, drops glittering from towering fans of spray at her bow and a pluming rooster tail under the counter. Hanging on the crests of the seas, a technique developed by Australian helmsmen from riding the Pacific swells that roll off Sydney Head, *Gretel* shot ahead so fast that her sails went limp. As the bigger crests lifted astern, Starrock sharpened up slightly to gain speed at exactly the moment the wave peaked under *Gretel's* after sections, which are flatter than any American boat's except *Neferitti*. At the precise instant the boat hung poised, stern high and bow low, the helm was turned to put

her dead in line with the sea, which then shot her forward like an arrow from a bow, 100 feet or more at a time. As *Gretel* surged by the defender, the sight was indelibly recorded in my memory as the most dramatic in my yachting experience.

There was nothing Bus Mosbacher could do until *Gretel* had passed. Then he attempted to slow the flying Australians by angling across their stern to cut their wind. But it was a hopeless gesture. Probably no 12-meter yacht in the history of the class had ever moved as fast as *Gretel* at that moment. The only result of *Weatherly's* effort was a broken spinnaker pole as the after guy parted under the strain. The accident in no way detracted from the challenger's victory, as she was clear ahead and going away when it happened. *Gretel* crossed the line 47 seconds in front, to a tumultuous cacophony of horns and sirens from the spectator fleet—the first challenger to win a race in 28 years, and only the fourth boat in a century.

After the finish came a decision that will long be discussed on yacht club verandas around the world. According to rumor, the Australians had decided in advance to request a lay day after every race, on the theory that extra

time would be on their side in making *Gretel* a better boat through lessons learned in each race. However, her request for postponement after the second race came as a surprise to many. She had just gotten the lift of winning, and all indications pointed toward identical weather conditions for another 24 hours, conditions the challenger obviously relished. As the wind did hold and the seas became even larger, the decision to postpone may well have cost the Aussies the advantage at that point in the series.

When the boats met again on Thursday the heavy winds had passed, leaving only fickle airs and a jumble of dying sea. Carrying little more than stowage, Starrock again took the start but was unable to hold his advantage. Again it was *Weatherly's* weather. Mosbacher easily sailed into the clear from under *Gretel's* lee after the latter had crossed ahead on the first tack after the start. After a few moments, it became clear that unless a miracle happened the contest was over. Besides being behind, Starrock was caught with his heavy-weather mainsail hoisted: because of inexperience with local conditions he had relied on a forecast promising fresh winds.

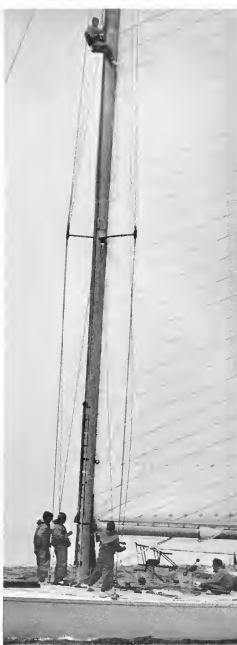
On the first weather leg of the twice-around windward-leeward course the Australians tried to make a race of it by initiating another tacking duel but failed to gain as their superior power in winching home headsails was not vital in the light breeze. Also Starrock seemed to kill his boat by spinning her through each tack, while *Bus Mosbacher* carried way in a series of lazy arcs. Nevertheless, *Gretel* was only a minute astern at the first turn; but then she fell into a windless hole. Changing spinnakers three times was of no avail, and she trailed at the end of the first round by a horrendous 23 minutes in time and two miles in distance after 12 had been sailed. This admittedly was not yacht racing at its best. However, the Australians finally found a new slant of breeze to close the gap to 8 minutes 40 seconds at the finish, a bad defeat and no indication of the relative merits of the two vessels.

After another postponement on a day when winds blew reasonably fresh, Saturday dawned clear and calm. Faint slints of wind began to stir as the fleet got under way. The staggering assortment of 2,300 craft estimated on opening day had diminished somewhat, but there were still plenty of excursion steamers on hand, top-heavy with spectators like floating bleachers, as well as Navy destroyers and virtually every other kind of floating contrivance on the East Coast.

The start was delayed waiting for wind. After almost an hour signals were hoisted in a faint eight-knot southerly for a triangular course, and Starrock once more sought the initiative. This time *Bus* more than met him halfway and led across the line. Although conditions at the start were those in which *Weatherly* had walked away from the competition all summer, *Gretel* hung on for more than half the weather leg, now gaining slightly, now losing; tacking, feinting, tacking again for a total of 24 hitches, Starrock trying to wriggle clear of his rival's wind shadow, never more than a few seconds behind. Then about midway along the leg the wind freshened to some 12 knots, and *Gretel's*

continued

UP THE MAST In a boson's chair, *Weatherly's* daring crewman Buddy Bernhard detaches the sloop's extra wire backstays to reduce windage.





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AMERICA'S CUP *continued*

genoa seemed to bug away from the spreaders aloft. *Weatherly* gained rapidly to lead at the turn by one minute 26 seconds, but the race was far from over. *Gretel* set her spinnaker faster and gained steadily through the eight-mile leg, cutting the margin to 48 seconds at the mark.

Gretel jibed without collapsing her spinnaker. *Weatherly* jibed, but her chute folded. Again the challenger gained slightly through superior sail handling, and then again was faster on the reach. A heading wind shift about three miles from the finish caused *Weatherly* to drop her spinnaker, and for a while *Gretel* closed the gap with a rush. It seemed she would break through to leeward, but then Sturrock felt the header, too, and followed *Weatherly* in replacing his spinnaker with reaching jib. To most observers it seemed a fatal error.

The challenger steepled dead in her tracks and even began to lose ground. Again the Aussies set a spinnaker. There were none of Tuesday's seas to ride; nevertheless, *Gretel's* bow inexorably crept toward *Weatherly's* stern. But distance and the angle to the finish line were running thin for *Gretel*, and when

Weatherly countered by setting her on a spinnaker there was no hope for the challenger. *Weatherly's* winning margin of 26 seconds was the smallest in 92 years of competition; the next closest finish was in 1893 when *Vigilant* beat *Valkyrie II* by 40 seconds.

As the series moved to a close, predictions made earlier about the two boats seem to have been borne out, and there is every indication they will hold through the race or races still to be sailed. Although *Gretel* is a good boat, *Weatherly*—with Bus Mosbacher at the helm—is a better one, at least in her ability to get across the finish line first. The defender is at her best in light airs, while the speed curves of the two boats cross as the wind freshens. The only ingreent lacking in the magnificent Australian effort is the competition enjoyed by Americans over the past four years, culminating in the recent *Alumina* trials.

"It will take us four years to really learn about 12s," Alan Payne commented before the cup matches began, "and we've only had two and a half." From the American point of view, perhaps it is just as well.

END



"GRETEL'S" BRIAN NORTHAN SHOWS POSTPONEMENT FLAG THAT MAY HAVE LOST CUP



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untampered-with Corvair. It features all of the exciting over-the-road goodness that you've come to expect from Corvair and the optional-at-extra-cost Spyder equipment (150 horsepower) and genuine knock-off wire wheels move it a shade closer to a true sports car, but that's it. Oh yes, we changed the rings around the taillights so all those people you pass will know you're driving a '63.

CHEVROLET

It's Chevy Showtime '63! - See the Go Show at Your Chevrolet Showroom

It is the pleasant custom of many Little Brown Jug fans at the Delaware (Ohio) County Fair to consume a prerace tailgate lunch of fried chicken and, in addition, to get lightly sautéed themselves, especially on chilly Jug days. Last Thursday was cold enough to de-kink every tail in the swine pavilion at the fair. But at least one knowing Jug man needed no artificial stimulants. In fact, as he warmed up his pacer, Lehigh Hanover, on Delaware's half-mile saucer, Driver Stanley Dancer was merrily belting out the chorus of *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

Dancer's blithe manner seemed odd. Although he is a master driver and trainer and in Lehigh had lots of horse between the shafts, he was supposed to be terribly afraid of Coffee Break, a swift, pony-sized bay driven by jockey-sized George Sholtz. Every other rival in the field of 13—the fastest ever, with 10 horses already under the magic two-minute mark for a racing mile—was said to share this same worry. "Coffee Break stands out," was the word around the Jug paddock.

And so Stanley was neglected by a good many stable strollers (not to mention bettors) before the first Jug heat. The nose-patters mostly wanted to pat Coffee Break, the tough little colt who had paced the fastest harness racing mile of 1962 a few weeks before—1:57, at Springfield, Ill.

No visitors, please

But Coffee Break wasn't receiving visitors. Hidden in his stall by a blanket draped across the doorway, he stood with his left front leg in a rubber ice boot. He had bowed a tendon in the spring. Ice treatments and Sholtz's patient touch had kept him fit enough, despite his serious mishap, to win six of 13 starts for the year.

"I can never tell how he'll do until I race him," said Sholtz, the smallest (5 feet 3, 110 pounds) driver alive and one of the best and most exciting. "I hardly work him at all between races for fear he'll go lame."

The Jug field was split into two elimination heats, with six horses in the first and seven in the second. The four leading horses from the first and five from the second heat would return for a third mile. If no horse won two of the three heats, the three heat winners would race still another mile to determine the final

victor in the most esteemed stake for 3-year-old pacers.

Dancer, who was up against the favored Sholtz in the first heat and also John Simpson with Thor Hanover (71-to-1 winner of The Messenger Stake), was the 5-to-2 second choice. Breaking with Lehigh from the No. 2 post, he coolly rolled along in fourth place for three quarters and then pulled outside, rounding the last turn behind a flying Coffee Break. Surprisingly, in a very short stretch, Lehigh trounced Sholtz's colt by no less than 1½ lengths at the wire, and Coffee Break narrowly saved second place from Del Miller's Meadow Battles. The dazzling fractions were 29½, 59, 1:29½, the final quarter in 29. A brush from the outside post to the first quarter probably cocked Thor for the day, although he finished fourth.

Lehigh's near-record clocking was astonishing for so raw a day; hot, still weather is the best for extreme pacing speed. "In that fast a heat on a day like this," said Sholtz, "I was tickled to death to finish where I did."

"You know," said Stan Dancer impulsively, "I think Lehigh had some pace left."

Indeed he did. After the second elimination went to Simpson's other entry, Gamecock, in 2:01½, Lehigh started the nine-horse third dash on the rail, with Gamecock, now driven by Joe O'Brien, in post 2. (Simpson, who certainly had no luck this day, again drew the outside spot with Thor.) A startled roar went up from the crowd of 39,000 as Gamecock broke stride in the very first turn. Lehigh was directly behind and, seemingly, in

deep trouble. Taken by surprise, Dancer instinctively yanked Lehigh to the right—and found a hole. Because of his own gameness and Dancer's meticulous training, Lehigh did not himself make a break. But he had lost many lengths to Coffee Break, the leader, and now Dancer proved just how brilliantly he had trained Lehigh and what a fine driver he is by overtaking Sholtz and Coffee Break near the wire, winning by a neck in 1:59½. Mind you, Lehigh, an Adios colt who almost died after ripping his neck on a farm gate as a weanling, had already had 26 races in 1962. Despite this rugged campaign he was fittest and best on Thursday.

"This was a race with some glory to it," Dancer rightly said. Glory but little cash. Because of the 10-way money distribution brought about by the elimination heats, Lehigh earned a paltry \$27,000 of the \$75,000 total purse.

However, few horsemen wept for Stanley. He is the No. 1 menace to their own pocketbooks these days and growing more sinister all the time. Forget Lehigh for a moment. Consider what Stanley has for next year's Jug. Majestic Hanover was the top 3-year-old of the year before suffering a slight injury and will be formidable next season. James B. Hanover and Sly Yankee are also superb 2-year-olds. The Hambletonian? Stanley has Frosty Hanover who recently trotted powerfully in 2:05½. Dancer's aged trotter Su Mac Lad is king of the free-for-allers. As for Henry T. Adcox, with whom Stanley began a Jug double last year, he has won more than \$200,000 this year. Don't anybody weep for Stanley Dancer. **END**

Three hot heats warm a cold Jug day

**While spectators shivered, Lehigh Hanover overcame
a bad break and beat the favorite to give Stanley
Dancer his second straight Little Brown Jug victory**



WASHINGTON'S MARTIN WYATT (20) TURNS END IN 7-7 TIE WITH PURDUE WHILE JOHN O'BRIEN (62) CLEARS JOHN WILSON (92) FROM PATH

Another big year in the Big Ten

It has often been claimed, and statistics tend to prove it, that in college football the Western Conference is supreme. Returns from key games last week indicate the pattern will hold up again this fall

Traditionally, the big college football conferences of the country flex their intersectional muscles in the early fall, before the teams get down to the rugged business of knocking heads at home. Traditionally, too, participants of sectional football claim their own teams are, by and large, the nation's best. Unless the partisans are from the Big Ten, they are dead wrong.

In the last 15 years Big Ten teams have won 133 games against foes from four other strong conferences while losing 59 and tying eight. The next best conference is the Southwest, with a 134-102-12 mark, followed by the Southeastern with 66-64-5, the Pacific Coast (AAUW plus Oregon and Oregon State) with 69-115-9 and, humbly, the Big Eight which, with a 54-116-11 record,

might better be called the Big Two (Oklahoma and Missouri together have won 28 and lost 33) and the Little Six.

Using another yardstick, the Big Ten has placed more players (89) in the demanding ranks of the National Football League than any rival group. The 12-team Southeastern Conference was represented in the NFL in 1961 by 82 players, the Southwest by 59, the Pacific Coast by 49 and the Big Eight by only 28, almost half of these Oklahomans and Missourians.

Even last week's game in Seattle, in which the Big Ten's Purdue and the AAUW's Washington huffed and puffed their way to a 7-7 tie, bolstered the Big Ten's position of authority. While Washington will probably prove to be the best football team on the Coast this

fall, Purdue most likely will rank only third in its league behind Ohio State and Michigan State.

A record Seattle crowd of 55,800 was ecstatic following the kickoff. Washington moved 76 yards in 11 plays to score over a shocked Purdue line. But the seemingly invincible, purple-helmeted Huskies suddenly began to look very much like squashed grapes. Penalties and two Washington fumbles at critical phases of the second quarter set up Purdue's only score. The second half produced more of the same frustrating football. Washington outgained Purdue on offense but also outfumbled the Boiler-makers. The game ended indecisively, with Purdue running out the clock.

In Austin, the University of Texas, pride of the Southwest Conference, was also outplayed by a West Coast team but not outscored. The Longhorns defeated a surprisingly lively Oregon team 25-13 after trailing 6-3 at the half and being outgained 236 yards to 71 in the first 30 minutes. Oregon had flop-flipped its defense to meet the Texas flip-flop offense (in which the same guard, tackle and end line up on the wingback side) and might have built a more impressive lead had it not been for some untimely fumbling. To the discomfort of most of the crowd in Austin's Memorial Stadium, Oregon Quarterback Bob Berry and

Halfback Mel Renfro, 190 pounds of sheer speed, had their team still on top early in the third period, 13-3, when Texas Coach Darrell Royal became discouraged with the listless, lethargic play of his first two lines and inserted the third-string line. That did it. Tearing the Oregon defense to pieces with the first-string backfield of Jerry Cook, Ray Poage, Johnny Genson and sophomore Ernie Koy, the reserves ignited the Texas attack. In 16 minutes the Longhorns scored 22 points and won the game.

Winning big is not exactly a South-eastern Conference habit, but that is what the league's killer team, Louisiana

State, did last week against the South-west's Texas A&M at Baton Rouge, 21-0. The two conferences are so closely matched that the Tigers' victory over the Aggies gave the Southeastern a slim 54-53 margin in games with the South-west in the last 15 years.

A brand-new coach, Charlie McClendon, and a bright old star, Halfback Jerry Stovall, were the difference. McClendon unleashed a powerful offensive team in his debut while still sticking to the solid, conservative football that has become LSU's trademark in the SEC. Stovall contributed a 58-yard kickoff return, a key interception, one touchdown and

some fine punting to the night's work of a team that is shoulder-pat-deep in talent. The game ended with Texas A&M on the Tigers' 21-yard line, its deepest penetration of the evening.

While LSU had an easier time than Purdue in upholding the league's national status, Big Ten teams were winning decisively on other fronts, the Big Two won, but not easily, and the South-west added two victories to Texas' one. If records prove anything, the Big Eight can expect another mediocre year, the Big Ten a very bright one and the rest of the conferences can argue—on even terms, of course.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OHIO STATE (9-0)
2. INDIANAPOLIS (6-4) 3. PURDUE (6-6-1)

For almost 58 minutes Syracuse pounded away at Oklahoma's snapping-quick line-men. Elusive Halfbacks Bill Schoenover and Gus Giardi and Fullback Jim Nance got the Orangemen close enough for Tom Mingo to kick a 35-yard field goal in the second quarter, but fumbles spoiled three other opportunities. Then, with 2:07 to go and Syracuse sitting gingerly on its 3-0 lead, the Sooners exploded from their 40-yard line. Third-string Fullback Joe Don Looney, a swift 207-pounder who shuffles in and out of colleges (Texas, TCU, Cameron Junior College) like an itinerant peddler, took a short pitch over the left side, slid away from four grasping Syracuse linemen, cut to his left and maddened to the goal line. The score: Oklahoma 7, Syracuse 3. Quipped Coach Bud Wilkinson: "Maybe sometimes it's better to be lucky than good." As much as it hurt, Syracuse's Ben Schwarzwalder had to agree.

Kansas was less fortunate. Inside TCU's 20-yard line so often that they were ready to claim squatter's rights, the Jayhawks were turned back four times by the Frog linemen. The fifth time sophomore Gary Duff kicked a 26-yard field goal for a 3-0 lead. Then TCU Quarterback Senny Gibbs, whose deep passing had been successfully curtailed by Kansas' corner defense men, got the Frogs hopping. They moved 60 yards to the 12-yard line, from where Gibbs passed to Tom Magoffin for the second-quarter touchdown that eventually won for TCU 6-3.

In the Big Ten, while Purdue played away, Northwestern and Indiana enjoyed days at home. The Wildcats uncovered sophomore Quarterback Tom Myers, a precise passer, to the perfect horror of South Carolina

Myers completed 20 of 24 passes to tie one of Otto Graham's school records, totted up 275 yards and two touchdowns with his losses and ran for a third score. Northwestern outscored the shellshocked Gamecocks 37-20. Indiana, happy to find a team at last which it could beat, was unable to contain itself. The overzealous Hoosiers lost 189 yards in penalties but still managed to beat Kansas State 21-0.

In the Mid-America Conference, powerful Bowling Green took up where it left off last year, battering Marshall 48-6 in the opener. Ohio U. ran up a 31-0 score over Toledo and Miami of Ohio beat Quaker Marines 16-0. In other games, Nebraska whupped South Dakota 53-0, Cincinnati shut out Dayton 13-0, Arizona State struck for two long touchdowns in the last quarter to defeat Wichita 21-10.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. ARKANSAS (9-0) 3. TCU (9-0)

All is as it should be in the suddenly even-normal Southwest Conference. TEXAS, with a seemingly endless abundance of talent, is still the team to beat. Arkansas has enough quick, hard linemen and good backs to fight the Longhorns for the title. TCU is up to its old upsetting tricks and Texas A&M will bear closer watching.

Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles, who never seems to want for quarterbacks, hardly finched when his star, Billy Moore, had the wind knocked out of him after getting the Peckers off to a 13-0 lead over Oklahoma State. He turned to sophomore Billy Gray, a sprightly little fellow with a whippet arm, who responded with passes for three more touchdowns as Arkansas won 34-7.

Life proved considerably harder for Texas



BACK OF THE WEEK: Oregon State's Terry Baker passed for 250 yards, ran for 65 more, and almost single-handedly beat Iowa State. **LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK:** Chuck Stennick, aggressive, 255-pound Penn State tackle, waded through Navy's line, harassed its backs.

Tech and Baylor, who had the misfortune to run into out-of-liners. Tech's nemesis was Pistol Pete Pedro, a 5-foot-8, 160-pound desperado out of Lynn, Mass., playing for West Texas State. Before 41,000 in Lubbock, Pedro turned the Tech ends for 157 yards and two touchdowns, passed for a third as West Texas upset the Red Raiders 30-21. Baylor ran head on into Houston's Joe Lopasky, a 190-pound sophomore half-back from Lehman, Pa., who tromped over the Bear linemen for three scores at close range. The Cougars won 19-0.

Arizona, which left the coyness of the new dead Bear Conference for the newer and more muscular Western AC, had to fight for its life against Brigham Young. It took a 52-yard pass from Quarterback Jim Faulks to Ken Cook in the last quarter to win 27-21. New Mexico State, another Border refugee, beat U. of Pacific 28-6.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (9-0)
2. ARMY (9-0) 3. SYRACUSE (6-4)

While Coach Rip Engle's powerful Nittany Lions were rolling over Navy 41-7 (see page 28) not all of Penn State's rivals were about to roll over and play dead. Army, for one, was too busy enjoying its renaissance under Coach Paul Dietzel, who took last year's

continued

undistinguished Cadets, regrouped and redistributed them among his Regular, Go and Chinese Bandit units, added a few sparkling sophomores for more zest in the attack and turned the works loose on Wake Forest. The outmanned Deacons didn't have a prayer. They were psyched by the noisy Cadet corps, which donned red soule hats (thoughtfully provided by Dietzel) whenever the Bandits entered the game. Quarterbacks Joe Blackgrove, Art Lewis and Dick Eckert passed over them for three touchdowns, and Halfbacks Paul Stanley and John Seymour, a wiggly sophomore, ran through and around them for three more. The score, Army 40, Wake Forest 14.

There was some new life in Boston College too. But for a while Detroit Quarterback Jerry Gross almost put the Eagles to flight with his accurate passes. He completed eight of his first nine, then BC Coach Jim Miller, who coached at Detroit last year, made some knowledgeable adjustments in his secondary defense. Things got tougher for Gross and easier for the Eagles. Quarterback Jack Conannon broke away for 58 yards, sophomore Halfback Bob Shann sprouted 74 yards and soon BC had a 27-0 victory. Villanova, which meets Boston College this Saturday, was just as impressive beating YMI 24-0. Quarterback Richie Richman took turns at throwing and catching and did both well enough to confuse the Keydets thoroughly. Three of his tosses went for touchdowns, two of his catches set up a 35-yard field goal by Bill Barbero.

After a year of abstinence, Brown feasted on victory, beating Colgate 6-2 on Dennis Haulfleur's 19-yard pass to End Bob Seiple in the last quarter. Buffalo scored three touchdowns in the fourth period, the last one on Quarterback John Stoffa's 18-yard pass to Tom Butler with 35 seconds to play, to overtake Boston U. 27-23.

Massachusetts, with a 10-0 win over Maine, gained the lead in the Yankee Conference while Delaware wasted little time asserting itself in the Mid-Atlantic. The Blue Hens treated chief challenger Lohigh shamefully, making off with an easy 23-0 victory. Blackett, another contender, had to come from behind to catch Gettysburg 22-21, and Lafayette wore down Mahoning with a tough defense, winning 17-0.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. GEORGIA TECH (1-0)
2. LSU (1-0) 3. ALABAMA (1-0)

One day last week, Alabama's Bear Bryant bravely announced, "Our only hope against Georgia is to fight for our lives." The game was as ridiculous as the statement. Not only did Alabama win 35-0, Georgia never got closer to its goal than the 41-yard line. Bryant also introduced swarthy, 19-year-old sophomore Quarterback Joe Namath, Namath, who yields to no man in his estimation

of himself, passed 14 times, completed 10 for 179 yards and three touchdowns and then sat down midway in the third quarter. Said Bryant ingenuously: "I don't know if we are that good or if Georgia is that bad." Alabama is good.

Bryant will find out how good when his team meets Georgia Tech in mid-November. Tech didn't have an easy opponent, but Coach Bobby Dodd was pleased with his team's 26-9 victory over Clemson and especially with Quarterback Billy Lothridge. With Clemson leading 3-0, and Tech backed up to its six-yard line, Lothridge threw three touchdown passes in seven minutes and the Tigers were harmless tabby cats.

LSU, as expected, won readily, but Mississippi had to scratch hard for its victory. The Rebels were reduced to taking advantage of a wild fourth-down center pass and a fumble to beat Memphis State 21-7. Florida shrugged off three field goals by Mississippi State's Sammy Dantone and whipped the Bulldogs 19-9, with the South's degeest and most dangerous halfbacks, Talane's "new look" wasn't up to beating Stanford and the Green Wave lost 6-3; Kentucky played to a scoreless tie with Florida State.

Maryland had more trouble with college football rules than with SMU. The Terps were penalized 166 yards and needed every bit of Quarterback Dick Shiner's individual brilliance to squeeze past the Mustangs 7-0. Shiner, who completed 16 of 25 passes for 238 yards, scored on a four-yard run. North Carolina State upset North Carolina on a placement 7-6; Virginia bumbled at the start but recovered to beat William & Mary 19-7; Quarterback Jerry Ney led West Virginia past Vanderbilt 26-0.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (0-0-0)
2. USC (1-0) 3. UTAH (1-0)

West Coast football enjoyed the kind of day Leland Stanford must have dreamed about. Perhaps as significant as Washi-

ton's 7-7 tie with Purdue was USC's unexpected 14-3 throttling of Duke. The Trojan line, which was expected to be helpless against the Blue Devils' running game, held Duke to 55 yards. Quarterbacks Pete Beathard and Bill Nielsen did the rest. Beathard passed four yards to Willie Brown for one touchdown and Nielsen floated a 51-yarder to Big Hal Bedsole for the winning score.

Even California gave Missouri some fretful moments before succumbing 21-10. The Bears wrapped the Tigers in a "monster" defense and then taunted them with Randy Gold's passing to take a 10-0 lead. But in the second half Maroon dispersed the "monster" and sophomore Halfback Johnny Roland went to work. He bolted three yards up the middle for one touchdown, sprinted 58 yards inside left end for another and snared a six-yard pass from Vince Tobin for a third.

Up north, Oregon State and Iowa State turned their backs on defense and concentrated instead on their stars, Terry Baker and Dave Hoppmann. The result was a barn-burner that had 30,000 screaming before Oregon State won 39-35. If Hoppmann was fabulous, Baker was fantastic. He ran and passed for six touchdowns, including the winning 43-yard pitch to End Jerry Neal with 29 seconds to play. Washington State found some swift runners to go with its passing game, trounced San Jose State 40-8.

The new Western AC was hardly underway before one of its favorites fell with a loud thud, Wyoming, no match for New Mexico's fleet Bobby Santiago, lost 25-21. Meanwhile Utah outslacked Colorado with end sweeps and trap plays and beat the Bulls 37-21. Utah State, left behind when the Western AC was formed, had a picnic at Idaho. Halfback Bill Callahan poked a fumble out of the air and ran it back 68 yards, Quarterback Jim Turner snared another one for a 100-yard runback and the Aggies won 45-7. Air Force formally opened its new \$3.5 million stadium by routing Colorado State 34-0.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Army over Syracuse. But Dietzel's passers will have to be sharp, his linemen tenacious.

Boston College over Villanova. A toss-up, but the new Eagles are hungrier.

Tennessee over Auburn. The single-wing Volunteers are just too quick for the Tigers.

Georgia Tech over Florida. The Gators are hopeful, but Tech is solid and deep all over.

Mississippi over Kentucky. What's left at Kentucky isn't enough to stop Ole Miss.

Miami over TCU. Mira's passing will keep the Frogs rattling—and Miami winning.

Oklahoma over Notre Dame. The Sooners are on the way back. The Irish aren't.

Missouri over Minnesota. Missouri has too many backfield swiftness for the Gophers.

Utah over Oregon. Better—and more—passing will win for the Utes.

USC over SMU. The Trojans are maturing fast, too fast for the hobbled Mustangs.

OTHER GAMES

CLEMSON OVER N. CAROLINA STATE
LSU OVER RICE
MARYLAND OVER WAKE FOREST
NEBRASKA OVER NEBRASKA
NICHOLAN STATE OVER STANFORD
NEW MEXICO OVER ARIZONA
PENN STATE OVER AIR FORCE
PIT OVER BAYLOR
PRINCETON OVER RUTGERS
WYOMING OVER WASHINGTON STATE

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
12 RIGHT, 6 WRONG, 5 TIES



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Ted Williams, new sporting goods consultant for Sears, Roebuck and Co., field-tested a new model 20-gauge shotgun. Here's what he said about it: "This gun is a real beauty. Perfect weight and balance. But let's face it—the gun needs more punch." Read what happened next.

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This Ted Williams shotgun is available only at Sears. We do not know of any gun with these features at anywhere near our price of **\$94.50**.



No rocking chair for Frank Gifford

Age need not be a prime factor in slowing down a pro football player. Frank Gifford (right) and his Giant teammates are out to prove that the right mental attitude offsets the years



The New York Giants are an old football team if you measure age by years. If you measure age by the impossibilities that separate champions from near champions in the National Football League, they are still relatively young. Alie Sherman, 39, the head coach of the Giants, is young by whatever system you care to measure age; when he took over the head coaching job for the Giants two years ago, his friends congratulated or commiserated with him.

"Some of them said, 'Gee, Alie, you got a real break. Now you can show what you can do,'" Sherman said the other day. "Some others said, 'It's a shame, Alie. You're taking over a club that's beginning to fall apart from old age.'"

Sherman, meticulous and analytical, debated with himself for a long time before accepting the head coaching job with the Giants. He knew better than most people that many of the Giants were, indeed, growing old. He solved his problem by taking the films of Giant games for the three previous years and studying them.

"I got a long-range look at the thinking of the other coaches in the league," he said. "They begin to establish patterns

and change their blocking assignments, and you can pick that up over three years. And I could check what I thought was the real problem. The Giants were supposed to be growing old. I could evaluate the performance of the old players over a stretch of three years. I could see how much they had slipped, if they had slipped at all. I could decide which old players to keep and which old players had to be replaced. You can't replace players wholesale, you know. You have to do it gradually."

As a result of his careful analysis, Sherman, wisely enough, kept most of the old Giants. They are still playing on the team—the Robustellis, Griens, Giffords and Modzelewskis—and they still make the Giants one of the most respected teams in football.

Typical of these Giants is Frank Gifford, a 32-year-old halfback returning to football after a year's lay-off occasioned by a crushing tackle by another of the old men of pro football, the Philadelphia Eagles' 37-year-old linebacker and center, Chuck Bednarik. Bednarik's violent, blind side tackle left Frank lying still and almost dead on the cold ground of Yankee Stadium.

Dr. Francis Sweeney, who has been

the team doctor for the Giants almost since the inception of the club, gave Gifford the go-ahead. "He had a deep concussion," Dr. Sweeney says. "The brain is like a mass of jelly inside three coverings, all of this suspended in the skull like a player's head is suspended inside a helmet. There's the subdura, the dura and the meninges. A severe shock may start a hemorrhage which can seep down into the lower parts of the brain and affect motor areas and be very serious. This is what Frank had. But once that heals, it's completely healed and doesn't have a carryover effect."

Gifford, of course, qualifies as one of the "aging" Giants. This season he is playing a new position at flanker back and, so far, he is not playing it quite as well as he played his old position. He used to be the right halfback for the club, carrying the ball into the ruck of the defense, off tackle or over the center. Now he's stationed wide to the side, away from the traffic.

"I'm as fast as I ever was," he said the other day. "I've got better reflexes. But I'm playing a new position on the opposite side of the line from where I played before and it takes time to get used to it. Old habit holds me and running the

continued



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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

opposite way to catch passes makes it uncomfortable, so I drop more than I used to. But I want to play as much as I ever did, and that is really the big thing."

Gifford returned to football because he wanted to play.

"I made a lot of money in the year I stayed out," he said. "I didn't stay out because of the head injury. I had personal reasons I don't want to go into. But I missed pro football. I don't know any kind of business you can go into where you can get as much excitement once a week as you can get playing pro ball. Nothing you can care about as much. If you are lucky enough to be able to do this for a living, I think you should do it as long as you can."

The desire is the limiting factor in the age of a player, according to Dr. Swenney.

"Most players go over the hill all at once," he says. "One year they are great, the next year they are finished. Physically, there isn't much difference; mentally, there's a tremendous difference. They no longer really want to make the sacrifices a pro player has to make to keep going. Actually, as far as injuries are concerned, the old player recovers more quickly than a young one. The knee was not built to play football on and it gets hurt the most. But the first knee injury is the worst. After that, the old player, whose knee ligaments are stretched to begin with and can be stretched more without taking long to return to normal, recovers faster. A rookie with a hurt knee may be out for three weeks. Y. A. Tittle, with ligaments stretched against Cleveland last week, is playing against the Eagles this week."

Gifford says the same thing in different words.

"When it's a drag, quit," he says. "I remember a ballplayer I don't want to name, but he got mentally tired. He could do everything physically he could ever do. But he didn't want to spend the time and mental effort it takes to play this game. To study the halfbacks who will cover you, learn every play perfectly, key yourself up. That's tougher than the physical conditioning. That makes more guys quit than losing a step. You get smart, you can pick up the step by thinking. The time when you have lost too much physically to pick up mentally comes later in your career. The Nomelins in the league are 38 and still great because they want to play hard."

Sam Huff, a young Giant and one of the most competent middle linebackers in pro football, has the best position on the field for evaluating how much age has withered the Giant defensive line, now considered the vulnerable part of the Giant defense.

"I've been playing behind these guys six years," says Huff, a notably frank man. "When I came up they did the same things they do now. They do them just as fast and just as good, and if they didn't my job would be twice as tough. So some sportswriter says they're getting old and everybody else picks it up and it's not true. Believe me, I know."

Young Giants

"Economics is part of it," says Sherman, softly. "A boy who plays well on the Giant club for several years is given the opportunity to make good money in the off season and eventually it is not worthwhile to him to take the Sunday beating for the money we can pay him. Physically, he's as strong as ever. Mentally, he has reservations. Why shouldn't he? Very likely he has a wife and children to think of. That's one of the many factors you must take into consideration in evaluating a ballplayer. It is not easy." Sherman's evaluation of the old Giants was rather conclusively validated in the first two games of this season. The Giants lost to the Cleveland Browns, but looked the equal of the Cleveland team in doing so.

Then, last week, in the most grueling possible test of a defensive team, they whipped the Philadelphia Eagles 29-13. In this game Sonny Jurgensen threw 57 passes. He completed 33 and the Eagles ran the ball less than a dozen times; this is the kind of a game that tries the souls and bodies of defensive linemen, since they must come in after the passer play after play. Physically, defending against the run requires much less effort.

But at the end of the game elderly Andy Robustelli, running as young as you could want, chased Jurgensen far back and dumped him for a key loss, then old Rosey Grer moved in and blocked a field-goal attempt, which aging Jim Patton picked out of the air, carried awhile, then lateraled to middle-aged Dick Lynch, who ran 60 yards to score.

And, of course, bald Y. A. Tittle engineered the Giant offense all the way. His ligaments certainly had snapped back into place. All in all, football youth had its day.

END

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A Detroit challenge to the best from Europe

The new 1963 Corvette is a Grand Touring car in every sense of the word and a road racer that will acquit itself well in any fast company, including the swift Ferraris



Long an interested outsider but seldom a joiner, Detroit last week moved into the mainstream of international sports car manufacture with the introduction of the spectacular new Grand Touring car illustrated on these pages. It is the 1963 Chevrolet Corvette, and its design and swift performance are such that it deserves to be ranked at once in the same league as the very best of the European Grand Touring cars—Britain's Aston Martin and Jaguar XK-E, Germany's Mercedes 300 SL and Italy's touring Ferraris and Maseratis.

As a Grand Touring car should, the Corvette provides fast, surefooted, luxurious travel for two. In addition, it promises to be an exceptional road-racing car. While admitting that it is imprudent to make flat predictions about racing, Chevrolet Engineer Zora Arkus-Duntov, the man responsible for the Corvette's manners, says he will be sur-

prised if the car does not defeat all rival GT machines except racers thinly disguised as GTs.

Until now the Corvette has been a development of the original, rather nondescript auto that began life as a General Motors show car in 1953. It was at first neither brisk nor nimble. Then Chevy began to pump sports car life into it. These infusions may be traced to Duntov, a former racing driver, who alone among thousands of industry engineers represents a direct link with the European road-racing tradition.

In his own words, Duntov "muscleb into" the Corvette project and preached performance. He was warmly encouraged by Chevy boss Ed Cole. The sermon took, and the result is public record. By 1957 the Corvette was chasing from American circuits the then current Jaguar production-racing cars. Soon it was outpacing the gull-wing Mercedes 300 SL. The 1962 model from time to

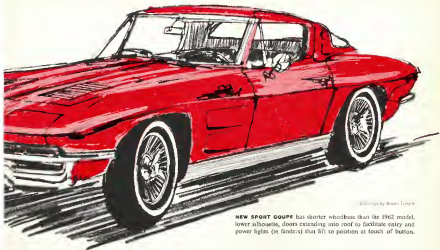
time defeated the race-bred \$12,950 Ferrari 250-GT Berlinetta.

Now here is the first Corvette to be conceived and executed as a GT sports car, and an uncommon value it is, considering its performance. The most expensive model will probably sell for less than \$6,000. It has a new all-independent suspension system, the secret of its admirable handling qualities. A 327-cubic-inch V-8 provides the necessary power, and new low-drag, fiber-glass coachwork permits the car to slip through the air more cleanly than its blocky forebears.

While independent front suspension is universal, independent rear-wheel arrangements are rare in America; besides the Corvette, only the Tempest and the Corvair have them. The reasons for the independent layout are several. At any road speed, engine torque—the twisting movement transmitted via the propeller shaft—tends to lift one rear wheel and depress the other. Ride stability and acceleration potential are thereby impaired. With the differential housing bolted rigidly to the frame, as on the new Corvette, that penalty is nullified. Moreover, when there is independent suspension, road shocks taken by one wheel are not sent along to its opposite number. If the suspension geometry is



CORVETTE'S FASTBACK BLEND INTO REAR DECK, FEATURES WIDE SPLIT WINDOW



NEW SPORT COUPE has shorter wheelbase than the 1962 model, lower silhouette, doors extending into roof to facilitate entry and power lights (in fenders) that lift to position at touch of button.

correct, a better ride and greater cornering power result. The Corvette system, finally, reduces the amount of weight not supported by the springs. The less such weight, the less bouncing up and down there is from road jolts.

Duntov has designed into the Corvette a novel three-link rear suspension closely following the one on his experimental angle-seater, the CERV-1 (SI, Jan. 23, 1961), but using a transverse leaf spring rather than a pair of coils to save precious space. At each rear wheel the axle half shaft serves as one of the three suspension links and, with a lower link, controls vertical wheel movement, a trailing arm link transmits driving and braking forces to the frame. The spring is merely for cushioning and has no effect on wheel attitudes. Placing 52% of the weight on the rear wheels—unusual in a front-engined car—contributes to the car's superior handling and braking qualities.

As for power, customers will have four options, ranging from 250 hp for the basic carbureted V-8 to 360 for the most powerful fuel-injection model—the one that will propel racing Corvettes. The same alternatives were offered in 1962, but now the fuel-injection engine has been improved. Chances are

that the nonracing citizen who chooses the 360 can expect a top speed of 140 mph. Heaven knows where he'll be able to use that kind of speed lawfully, but his acceleration possibilities and passing power will be sensational. Duntov says he has himself achieved 160 mph with optimum gear ratios and plenty of test track. There is an extra-heavy-duty Corvette (a euphemism for competition-ready) that needs only a roll bar to be a racer. Three- and four-speed hand-shift gearboxes are available in all engine ranges; automatic transmission is offered only for the least powerful two.

Coachwork choices include a new arresting fastback model with a huge divided rear window. The customary soft-top and removable hardtop alternatives are also available. Doors on the fastback are cut up into the roof to permit easy passenger entry, and headlights are inverted, in normal use, for aerodynamic efficiency. The flick of a switch turns them outward for nighttime use. The now familiar console separates two very comfortable bucket seats, and among the gauges on the driver's hooded instrument panel are a 160-mph speedometer and a tachometer.

The new Corvette resembles a widely traveled GM experimental styling car

called the Sting Ray (that also is the name of the 1963 Corvette). But few who saw the first Sting Ray knew that the experimental body enclosed a famous Chevy racing chassis. It was none other than the Corvette SS practice car, the "mule," with which Juan Manuel Fangio, world champion driver, briefly lifted American hearts one hot, sunny day in 1957 by speeding to a new lap record at Sebring, Fla. Soon afterward Detroit abandoned overt racing; the SS was shelved and with it, conceivably, a victory that year in the biggest sports car race of them all, the Le Mans 24 Hours, for which Chevy would have been ready. (Although Ford and Chrysler have withdrawn from the industry's nonracing pact, General Motors at this moment still adheres to it.)

For Zora Duntov, who designed the SS, the retirement of the car must have been intensely galling—but he is a philosophical man, and soon he was likening himself to a roly-poly that always bounces upright no matter how often it is toppled over. He is up again with a high-performance car.

Of Russian stock, Duntov was born in Belgium in 1909 and raised in Russia. At 17 he was taken to Berlin, where he was grounded in mechanical engineering

continued



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... A DUCON CHEMISTRY

at Charlottenburg's Institute. (MIT is our Charlottenburg.) He worked as an engineering designer in Germany, Belgium and France and for recreation went road racing. Two heavy prewar crashes damaged his back, and for several years he was never without pain.

As Hitler's war swept Europe, Duntov made his way to the U.S. He returned later to race four times at Le Mans. His first Le Mans, in 1952, rewarded him with a spectacular accident. Barreling along in a British Allard on the Mulsanne straight toward the sharp right-hand turn at its end, he discovered that he had no brakes. "For a second," he says, "I thought it was only a nightmare; I would wake up and find that everything was O.K." It was no nightmare. Duntov recalled that the car burst through the track's perimeter fence and rolled a mile right into the town of Mulsanne before coming to rest. The accident did not shake his nerve a whit. In succeeding years he twice won the 1,100-cc. class at Le Mans in German Porches—no small feat.

While test-driving a Corvette in 1955, Duntov rejured his much abused back—broke it, in fact. Although three vertebrae are now fused together, the old pain is gone, and Duntov, a silver-haired 52 today, is a marvel of energy and good humor.

Needless to say, Chevy is fortunate to have a creative engineer who is also his own test pilot; the world counts few of that breed. And it is obvious that Duntov's racing experience has given him a profound distaste for cars that handle badly. It is his own neck—or more precisely, back—that he risks when he test-drives.

Two weeks ago, Duntov pitched one of the 1963s into a full-blooded, four-wheel racing drift on a sweeping proving-ground bend, at something over 100 mph, and went on to perform other agile maneuvers. Taking the wheel myself, I was delighted by the car's sudden acceleration, riding-on-rails stability on the straights and astonishing leech-like adhesion not only in smoothly paved turns but also on broken-up asphalt.

"Some drivers," Duntov says, "have had a habit of slamming the Corvette into turns. With the new car, slamming will go out. It will be more forgiving than ever to those who make mistakes, but the brutal driving we have seen will no longer be necessary." **END**



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Palmer vs. Nicklaus—at slam

It is well known that Arnold Palmer is a bold and incisive golfer, but it wasn't until a recent Saturday night at Akron, Ohio that I found out he plays bridge the way he plays golf. I was in Akron to watch the World Series of Golf. It was nearly 12 p.m. on the night preceding the final 18 holes when I was routed out of bed by a telephone call. It was my friend, Forest Evashevski, the athletic director at the University of Iowa. "I've got a couple of golfers here who want to play bridge," he said. "We need a fourth." Minutes later I found myself seated at a bridge table with Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, involved in a heated game that looked like it was going to last until tee-off time Sunday. It was about 1:30 a.m. when I finally inquired. "Don't you guys have to play for \$50,000 today?" That broke up the show, but not before Arnie had bid and played the following hand.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

<p>WEST NORTH EAST SOUTH</p>			
<p>SOUTH (Palmer) WEST (Nicklaus) NORTH (Goren) EAST (Evashevski)</p>			
<p>PASS PASS 3 N.T. PASS</p>			
<p>4♠ PASS 4♠ PASS</p>			
<p>4♠ PASS 4♠ PASS</p>			

Opening lead: king of hearts

I am well acquainted with Evashevski's play, as we have been partners many times, and I found out as this evening progressed that both Nicklaus and Palmer have some flair for the game, too. With a little more experience, Palmer could be quite good. Nicklaus is only 22, which is reason enough to be better on the golf course than at the bridge table. This was one of the earliest hands we played, so I didn't know if Palmer's three-club response was a Stayman call for the majors. Since I don't usually like responding in a suit headed by less than the queen, three no trump was my natural rebid, regardless of Arnie's intent.

Palmer overrode my greater familiarity with the course and took me out to four clubs. Considering our holdings in hearts, this move had some merit. I now had high hopes that Palmer held at least a six-card suit, so instead of playing safe with a bid of five, I decided to risk a slam and let Arnie really display his talents. What followed was an exercise of ability, nerve and just plain brass in a situation where nothing else would have sufficed.

Palmer trumped the heart lead and cashed the ace-king of diamonds. The fall of the queen was the first good break, yet it posed a problem. It would be risky to continue diamonds without drawing trumps, but if all the trumps were drawn Arnie would have no place to put his diamond loser. So, after drawing two rounds of trumps with dummy's ace-king, Palmer led to his diamond jack. Nicklaus couldn't ruff, so one obstacle had been successfully negotiated. More luck was now needed.

After ruffing his fourth diamond, Palmer could not afford to come back to his hand by trumping a heart before he had tried to establish a spade trick, so he had to play for a spade split. He cashed dummy's ace-king and led a third spade. The queen and jack fell together. Then, after ruffing the heart return, Arnie had his high trump with which to draw East's jack and a good spade with which to chalk up the little slam.

"Pretty lucky lie," he admitted afterwards. "I hope I get a few like that tomorrow." But by then it was already tomorrow. And, as just about everybody knows, he didn't. That game went to Nicklaus.

EXTRA TRICK

It doesn't hurt to occasionally be a bridge-playing Palmer and ignore the risks. If it accomplishes nothing else, it may lure your opponents into doubling many of your more conservative bids in the future.

END



California is covering the bikini

Next season's swim wear will reflect the new modesty of the St. Tropez set and the sleekness of the scuba divers of California

Each year at this time, before the sand is fairly shaken from the summer's beach towels, the swimsuit makers in California, having assessed the trends and temperament of the times, present swimsuits for the year to come. It is now clear that American women, who buy more than 14 million swimsuits annually, are going to get more coverage for their dollar. While the bikini is still the acknowledged uniform for the hip (but not hippy) teen-ager, most of California's award-winning designers—among them Rudi Gernreich, Elisabeth Stewart Beck, Margot Fellgren and Rose Marie Reid—are concentrating on a covering suit that fits loosely but is not form-concealing. Cupping this trend is Gus Tassell's first special collection for Catalina. Tassell has designed a group of suits that are miniature versions of the beach dresses to be worn over them. Cole of California also covers up (*next page*), but differently. The suits on these three pages will be available this winter.



Blouson-top one-piece (above left, \$24) by Rose Marie Reid is of lightweight nylon Helanca and has a natural, or sweater-like, construction. The tone of knitted Catalina (left, \$26) by Elisabeth Stewart has separate, elasticized straps.

The covered look from St. Tropez is borrowed by Rose Marie Reid Janssen for a three-piece suit (right, about \$34) in wool knit pullover, tracks and a bare midriff top with typical St. Tropez anchor emblem. Vray kerchief is from Catalina.

CONTINUED



SPORTING SCULPT: continued



Photographs by Dimeo

A suit that looks as if it were already wet is Cole of California's front-zipped scuba-inspired midler (\$26). It is made of a lightweight double-knit nylon that has a high-shine finish and is extremely supple and cool on the body. The black wool beach beret is from Bill Hawes.



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THE CLIMB UP TO HELL

by JACK OLSEN

In the annals of mountaineering the north wall of the Eiger—the Ogre of the Bernese Alps—has a special and sinister place. Dozens of assaults have been made on the mile-high cliff of rotten rock and ice, and at least 25 men have died in these attempts. In 1957 two Italians and two Germans tried it. Their tragic adventure produced an aftermath of mystery, suspicion and international bad feeling that still persists. Jack Olsen, a *Sports Illustrated* senior editor, has brought to life this most bizarre episode in climbing history in a new bestseller, "The Climb Up to Hell" (Harper & Row, \$4.95). The first of three installments from the book appears on the following pages.

Two routes up the Eiger north wall are shown opposite. The broken line is the so-called direct route that led to many early tragedies; the solid line is the one followed by all successful, and some defeated, climbers. Landmarks indicated are: (1) tunnel entrance to Jungfrau railway, (2) Hinterstoliser Traverse, (3) first ice field, (4) second ice field, (5) Traverse of the Gods, (6) The Spider, (7) exit cracks, (8) summit ice field, (9) summit of the Eiger.

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PART I: Encounter on the Wall

Fritz von Almen, 39 years old, serious of mien, conservative of dress, walked onto a tiny porch of his family's hotel, 6,700 feet up in the Swiss Alps, and sat in front of a swivel-mounted pair of binoculars aimed at a towering mountain wall across the meadows. It was late on Sunday morning, August 4, 1957, and for the second day in a row the weather favored Von Almen's hobby of Alp watching. The midsummer sun beat down and encouraged him; he knew that

also to bird watchers and eclipse observers. Now, pleased by this good omen for the day, he stepped back into the hotel and to the daily humdrum of running it, as one member of his family or another had been doing for 117 years.

On Monday morning he returned to his powerful telescope to search for the tracks of the three chamois he had spotted the day before. But instead of animal tracks he saw deep steps hacked into the ice. No climbing parties were known to be attempting the north wall of the Eiger. No one had tried it since two Germans had fallen to their deaths a year before. Slowly, his hands trembling with excitement, Von Almen raised the heavy Zeiss binoculars. Near the Hinterstosser Traverse, some 2,600 feet up the 6,000-foot concave cliff, he saw four climbers on the Eiger wall.



No on-duty climber, Claudio Corti was lucky and strong and was observed by the Eiger.

hot days made the chamois wander over to the base of the cliff to bask in the cooler stream of air pouring continually downward—nature's air conditioning.

Von Almen felt optimistic as he swept the twin-barreled 72-power Zeiss telescope across the rock litter at the base of the wall, then slowly worked his field of vision upward across gulch and crevasse, pillar and snowfield. A few hundred yards up, silhouetted against a patch of dirtying snow, three fine chamois popped into sight. Von Almen watched the nubile antelopes for a few minutes, savoring the quiet satisfaction that comes

Is a frequently observed phenomenon of happenstance that awful catastrophes often take place in the most breathtaking of settings. In the gentle valleys of Grindelwald and Lauserbrunnen below Fritz von Almen's hotel, grassy slopes of rich green hue sweep upward, dotted with daisies, buttercups, clover and fat dandelions, until they reach the first patches of snow above, where white crocuses, snowballs and violets make their appearance. The trees, from valley floor to timberline, run the whole spectrum of greens from near-black through lime. Everywhere wisps of waterfalls soar over the cliffs into the valley. Cogwheel railways begin in the valley and wind up past ski-resort hotels like Von Almen's, and go almost to the top of the highest mountain in the Bernese Oberland, the Jungfrau. With polished-steel drive shafts pumping furiously, the little trains hum and whine and clack as they move upward past flashing mountain brooks, picture-book chalets and shepherds' huts perched on the hill-sides, until they pierce through the very insides of the mountains in tunnels



Fritz von Almen was not as good a climber as his German companion, but just as good.



Günther Nalbacht (above) was a brilliant example of the new mountaineers. Stefano Longhi was on the Eiger almost by accident.



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which run for miles. Halfway up on the long haul from the valley floor, the trains suddenly burst above the foothills, and the dominant characteristic of the Bernese Oberland comes into awesome sight. Glazed in ice and mantled in perpetual snow, some of the most famous mountains of Europe leap into blue-white focus. But most conspicuous of all is a mighty trinity of peaks lying side by side on the vast bulk of the Jungfrau Massif: the Eiger (13,038 feet), the Mönch (13,465 feet) and the Jungfrau peak itself (13,638 feet).

The Eiger is the killer. Centuries before, the Interlaken monks gave benign names to the two higher mountains of the triumvirate—Mönch (monk) and Jungfrau (virgin)—but to the jutting pyramid lying alongside they affixed the word for ogre. History has borne out the aptness of their choice. Two of the faces of the Eiger present difficult but traditional climbing problems. The third face is the 6,000-foot concave wall facing north, a tilted saucer of rotten rock, hanging ice fields and gullies scoured smooth by thousands of years of avalanches. The Eiger is a geological accident. Uplifts of undersea ranges forced it into being. A massive "flake" from another range was deposited on it, and then the whole was kneaded and twisted and tumbled about through millions of years until the Eiger was formed into a crazy quilt of hectic stratification, helter-skelter crystalline splottches and a thin coating of softer limestone that covered the whole mountain like a disintegrating rind.

All the storms of northern Europe break across the perpendicular mass of the Eiger north wall, and it is on this wall that the forces of weathering have produced the ultimate in mountain-climbing challenges. The lower half of the cliff has been rubbed almost clean of the soft, rotten limestone covering, and the result is pitch after pitch of smooth, hold-less rock, usually glazed with ice. But the upper half still bulges with the porous facing that is slowly being pried loose by wind and rain and tumbled down the cliff. The result is a "living" mountain, forever seething and pulsating and changing, frigidly volatile and willy-nilly murderous. One risks death from falling

continued



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stones to stand at its base and look up at a mile of cliff and crevasse, ice field and waterfall, lying in total shadow. There is no mountain or cliff in the world so fraught with what climbers call "objective" dangers—perils like avalanche and rockfall and blizzard, over which the climber, regardless of his skill, has no control.

Long after adventure-seeking English schoolteachers and deskbound German clerks were scrambling all over the Alps, the Eiger north wall remained untouched. As late as the mid-1930s the Zurich newspaper *Sport* wrote: "The ascent of the Eiger north wall is forbidden. It is not the administration in Bern which has pronounced the veto. It is the Eiger itself, speaking with mute language no one can fail to . . . comprehend. . . ." The attempts on the north face that came with increasing frequency thereafter were the result of a complex interaction of political drives and changes in the concept of mountaineering as a sport. There was a classical school of climbing purism which held that mountains should be climbed "organically," by logical and natural routes carefully sought out. The classicists held it to be the height of folly, and the perversion of the true spirit of mountaineering, to attack mountains and cliffs abounding in objective dangers like avalanche and rockfall. They felt that climbing such mountains was like taking part in a crap game with one's life as the stake. And they deplored the overuse of artificial devices like snap links, pitons and rope ladders.

At the opposite extreme were young, tough climbers, exponents of a fast-developing new school of mountaineers who scorned the classic, traditional climbs and sought instead the awful cliffs and towers like the west face of the Dru, the Walker spur in the Grandes Jorasses, the north face of the Western Zinne, the Civetta Wall, Piz Badile and the Eiger north wall. If there was an easy ascent to a summit, they scorned it. If there was a dangerous, difficult way, they climbed it, returned to the valley and then sought out a still more dangerous way up. On their backs clanked rucksacks full of metallic items: rock

pitons which were driven into cracks until they gave off a clear, musical note; longer ice pitons with sharp barbs; 12-pointed crampons for walking on ice; snap links which hooked onto pitons and made possible all sorts of rope tricks; ice daggers and ice axes and hammers.

Students of world history will not be surprised that in the context of the mid-1930s it was the Austrians and the Germans who took the lead in trying to conquer the Eiger. With each new tragedy, more fair-haired "Aryans" arrived to fling themselves at the north wall in the upward attempt at self-destruction. The Germans have a word for it—*Todesliebe*—and while it is folly to attribute special characteristics to races or nations, it was nonetheless obvious that in the years of the Nazi rise to power the Teutons seemed to have almost a monopoly on the love of death, at least in the mountains. They all but bathed Nanga Parbat in blood, leaving 27 dead on this 26,660-foot Asian mountain in two expeditions, and still returned for more. To the Austro-German deaths on the Eiger they reacted almost with eagerness. Each new death brought forth a spate of propagandistic encouragement to other would-be conquerors of the most treacherous fiice in the world. "A climber has fallen," began one such blast. "Let a hundred others rise for the morrow." Hitler himself proclaimed that the first man to climb the Eiger north wall would be awarded gold medals at the Berlin Olympic Games of 1936.

The local resentment of north wall climbers spawned a declaration by the chief guide of Grindelwald, one of the two valley towns where Eiger parties caught the cogwheel upward to the base of the cliff. He wrote: "One cannot help regarding the contemplated climbing attempts on the north wall of the Eiger with serious misgivings. They are a plain indication of the great change which has taken place in the conception of the sport of mountaineering. We must assume that visitors who take part in such attempts are aware of the dangers they themselves are risking. But no one can expect the dispatch of guides, in unfavorable conditions, on a rescue operation in case of any further accidents on the Eiger's

north wall. . . . We should find it impossible to force our guides to take a compulsory part in the kind of acrobatics which others are undertaking voluntarily." Early in June 1937 a pronouncement went out from the Swiss government: "Parties intending to climb the north wall must be duly warned by the rescue stations and by the guides before they start the ascent. In particular their attention must be drawn to the fact that, in the event of an accident, no rescue operations will be undertaken."

In 1938 an Austro-German rope first succeeded in climbing the Eiger wall. But the resentment of the Bernese Oberlanders to the climbers did not diminish. Partly this was simple self-preservation: men who climbed the Eiger risked not only their own lives but those of the Swiss guides who, regardless of government rule, had to go up after them. Here the Oberlanders had logic on their side. But there was another side to it, this one less reasonable. For hundreds of years residents of this isolated district of glacier and mountain had backed their very existences out of infinitesimally small plots of valley land, had grazed their goats and cows high up on the side of barely arable mountains, had protected themselves against avalanche and storm by the most primitive means. Such a way of life, spread over a couple of centuries, had produced a possessive, isolationist, xenophobic people, incapable of seeing anything beyond the nearest mountain range. Every thought, every concept, had to be recast to fit their valley and their river and their mountain. Much of their resentment came from a deeply inbred dislike, distrust and distaste for foreigners, even those "foreigners" who came from a few miles away. And there was, on top of that, a special resentment of the Eiger climbers. It was nine years between the first successful ascent and the second, in the summer of 1947, when the great French climber Lionel Terray and his partner Louis Lachenal went up the wall in a classically executed two-day climb. By the summer of 1957 the north face had been climbed by 12 ropes, but it was

still regarded with aversion. In all, 18 men had died on the wall.

"Our people are deeply religious," explained a member of the Von Almen hotelkeeping family. "and it has always seemed to them that cliff climbers should not be allowed to risk the life that God has given them. They felt that most of the men who attacked the north wall were show-offs. The north wall is the classical Alpine theater, a vertical stage open to anyone with normal eyesight and a pocket telescope. It has attracted many brave men, many world-ranking climbers. But it has also attracted far more than its share of show-offs, publicity seekers and just plain psychopaths."

The Oberlanders had no compassion for another class of climber: the Alpine phonies who loudly proclaimed they would climb the mountain but had, in reality, no such intention and flitted from dinner party to dinner party, boasting of their plans. But also in the vanguard of potential wall climbers were many men who were neither phonies, Storm Troopers nor publicity hounds, but simply courageous mountaineers who did not agree that an attack on the Eiger north wall was in violation of classical climbing spirit. They felt it to be, instead, the supreme test of a climber's skill. It lured them and challenged them and intrigued them.

Finally, in the broad spectrum of men who were lured by the Eiger wall, there were the genuine neurotics, the compulsive, driven, Ahahlike men who climbed, not for Fatherland, not for the classic motives of adventure and challenge, but simply because they *had* to, because deep down in the wellsprings of their psychological being lurked problems of character and personal integration which forced them, with or without the necessary skills, to attack the wall. These men were the most dangerous to themselves and to others. One of them was an Italian named Corti.

Death followed Claudio Corti like a faithful puppy dog. He came from the grimy drab village of Olginate, a seedy neighbor of the resort town of

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UP TO HELL *continued*

Lecco, near Lake Como, mecca for Italian Alpinists. Near Oginate and Lecco were the jutting needles and crags of the Crigna range, saw-toothed foothills of the Italian Alps, and those who lived in their shadows soon became inured to fatalities in the mountains. Oginate was dirty and dull. The 500 villagers worked in factories making chains, lamps, nails, thread, wire and cartons. The richest farmer in the village had one cow. Most of the other villagers tilled small areas of land, 40 or 50 feet square, kept a few rabbits and went to their dreary jobs in the factories. It was a life which would have led many an otherwise normal man straight to the mountains, there, at least, to break the monotony.

But for Claudio Corti going to the mountains was more than an escape; it was an obsession. He was a powerful young man, carrying 154 sinewy, muscular pounds and standing 5 feet 6½ inches tall. He had the muscle development and oversized fingers and hands of a much larger man, and from the beginning mountaineering came easy to him. By the time he was 17 he had made climbs of the "sixth degree"—the most difficult ascents possible by the Alpinists' system of grading—and had even established a few new routes up the minor mountains around Lecco. Time and again he used his tremendous strength to get out of fixes that would have finished another climber. His ropemates from Lecco regarded him as a good, instinctive climber who lacked basic mountaineering intelligence. They said the trouble with Corti was that he was strong but did not have the ability to evaluate mountains. "He would do foolish things like refusing to use pitons where pitons were almost a necessity," one of them said. "Somehow or other, his phenomenal strength always pulled him through. And he was lucky."

But Corti's ropemates had a way of being commensurately unlucky. In 1952, when Corti was 24 years old, he was climbing Piz Badile, a 2,000-foot-high Italian wall, when lightning struck his ropemate, Felice Battaglia, and sliced the rope in half. Battaglia disappeared

down the precipice and was killed. Always convinced of his mastery of the mountains, Corti took the death of his comrade to mean that a sort of special Providence stood watch over him in his battle with the peaks. Two years later Corti found himself on a rope in the Cragna mountains, following Carlo Ruseconi who was making the trail. Suddenly Ruseconi shouted, "I'm falling," and brushed within a few inches of Corti to his death. Corti's reaction was to attack more and more mountains. That same summer he went to the Dolomites in Italy and Austria, traveling on the motorcycle that he had managed to buy out of his \$45 monthly salary as a truck driver. In 1955 he made a training bivouac on the Petit Dru in France, one of the most difficult faces in Europe, and the following year went back to the Dru with Annibale Zucchi. Their two-man rope had climbed 1,000 feet on the wall when an ice block rattled loose, but Corti full in the face and tipped him backward. Off balance, he gnashed at his pylon with his teeth but missed it by inches. Then he did a somersault in the air and slid down the ice field on his face and chest to the bottom of the cliff. Zucchi following on his back. They both went into the hospital, where Corti had a long time to brood. More convinced than ever of his immunity to a climber's death, his thoughts became fixed on a sinister, deadly wall to the northwest, a wall feared all over Europe, a wall called the Eiger, which had never been vanquished by an Italian. He had met a Swiss in the little French town of Chamonix, and the Swiss had talked for hours about the killer cliff in the Bernese Oberland and had even obliged with a picture postcard showing the face. Now Corti had to have the Eiger. In his seething mind he humanized the north wall, saw it as an evil monster, and as his injuries slowly healed, first for one month in the hospital in Chamonix and then for four more months in Milan, Corti kept building up his hatred. He stared at the picture postcard, at the snowfields and hanging ice fields and smooth buttresses and waterfalls, and laid his poorly motivated plans. Anger at a mountain is the first mistake.

In the spring of 1957 his mission was

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UP TO HELL *continued*

running into difficulties. He had been keeping company in Ogizante with a black-haired, brown-eyed, intelligent village beauty, Fulvia Lusa, and they planned to be married. Fulvia hated mountain climbing as much as the loved Corti, and the attack he was planning on the north wall had to be kept a secret from her. To make matters more difficult, he could not find a partner for the climb. Wherever he went his reputation as death's companion went before him. A hush would fall over the Lecco climbing club whenever he entered; he was hard put even to find romances for his Sunday workouts on the Crigna.

By April of 1957 Corti had reached the point where he was tapping climbers on the shoulder during his weekend outings and asking them if they would go with him to the north wall of the Eiger that summer. One Sunday he ran into a lone figure on the Crigna. It was Stefano Longhi, a fellow member of the Ragni (Spiders), the Lecco section of the Club Alpino Italiano. Corti knew the other man only slightly, but this did not deter him from asking the usual question. To his amazement, the 44-year-old Longhi accepted. The improbable rope of Corti and Longhi—"Short" and "Long"—was created.

Stefano Longhi could show no important accomplishments on his climbing record and almost no experience on ice. He was a bulky man, standing 5 feet 11 inches and weighing almost 200 pounds. He was strictly a weekend climber, working the rest of the time in a wire and cable factory. Quick to smile and regarded in Lecco as an extremely likable human being, he was, like Corti, not overly intelligent, and his sudden decision to join forces with Corti was strongly influenced by the simple fact that he was getting nothing for himself from climbing. He had been climbing for more than 10,000 feet. If he had any asset for an attack on the Eiger, it was merely that he had known some Swiss climbers visiting Lecco and had picked up a little Schweizerdeutsch. But to Corti, now totally on fire with his plan to become the first Italian to climb the north wall, Longhi was sufficient.

The two decided to carry out their attack with the same secrecy which tradi-

tionally had accompanied all serious attempts on the Eiger north wall. For 20 days they would train in the early mornings before work, and all day every Saturday and Sunday, but completely apart and on different mountains. During this period they agreed not to be seen together. They topped off their training by five days of climbing together in July. Now Corti asked for his vacation and told a tearful Fulvia that he was going off to make some safe, easy climbs in the mountains near by. Longhi wangled two weeks on the technical excuse that his father had died the month before.

On August 1, a national holiday in Switzerland, they left the cog-wheel railway at a small hotel called the Eigergletscher, off to the side of the north wall. The next afternoon, trying to appear as inconspicuous as possible, they walked across the glacier and the meadow and deposited all their climbing gear in a cache below the wall. For hours they roamed back and forth along the rock-pocked base of the cliff, seeking the most promising route upward. The measure of their naive drive and blind compulsiveness was that neither had bothered to buy one of the dozens of different maps of the face, showing the routes taken in both failure and success. They reckoned—as Corti always had—that brute force would vanquish this mountain just as it had the others. Climbers with powerful muscles did not need maps or special helps. And hadn't it long ago been established that whatever happened on a mountain, Claudio Corti would come away alive? No matter that Longhi was paunchy and middle-aged, the oldest man ever to attempt the north wall; Corti would protect his comrade on the rope.

Now Corti made a rough pencil sketch of the route he had selected, and both men returned to the little trackside hotel for their *penzion* supper of pea soup, Bernese sausage and strong coffee. As night fell, they handed their wallets and passports to the concierge and went to bed. At 4 a.m. they put on their climbing clothes and quietly headed for the wall. Their food supply, brought with them from Italy, consisted of three cans of fish,

continued



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UP TO HELL continued

two cans of jam, two cans of honey, two cans of instant coffee, four packages of tea, four pounds of sugar, a pound of ham, a pound of lard, two pounds of dried prunes, a pound of dates, five rolls of biscuits and a pint of cognac, plus a little alcohol cooker and a quart of fuel. Their climbing equipment was 15 ice pitons, 25 rock pitons, 35 snap links, two ice axes, three nylon ropes of 130 feet each, two bivouac sacks, two pairs of crampons and a small supply of medicine. It was the bare minimum that any two-man rope would need, along with uncommon skill and luck and good weather, to mount the north wall.

With Saturday's dawn barely beginning to dapple the eastern sky, the two Italians carefully picked their way through the rock piles and crevasses along the bottom of the cliff, and finally set foot on the mountain. At first the going was easy, up a gradually steepening concave rise strewn with boulders and smaller stones. Then the wall began to flatten nearer to the vertical, and the two climbers came on what to them was an encouraging sight, rusty old pitons, left on the wall by previous climbers. A few feet farther up they found a climbing boot and part of an ice ax, and now they were convinced they were on the right trail.

They were, in fact, precisely on the "most direct" route, the route taken by two of the first Austrian climbers to attempt the north wall in 1935. Max Sedlmayer and Karl Mehringer, skilled climbers, painstakingly careful practitioners of their craft, representatives of the elite of German mountaineering, had begun their attack up the middle of the face to the summit. On their first day they reached a point 2,600 feet up the cliff, on the second they gripped upward on a vertical pitch of 300 feet on polished rock, on the third day they made slow progress, halting to cover up against falling rocks. On the fourth day they disappeared from sight in a storm, and weeks later their bodies were spotted from the air, frozen to the wall. The two climbers had died in a stand-up bivouac. The pitons found by Corti and Longhi had been hammered into the wall 22 years before by the doomed men, and the climbing boot and ice ax had fallen from high-

er on the face in other Eiger tragedies.

As the day wore on, the ascent became more difficult, and finally Corti and Longhi found it impossible to climb higher. They bivouacked for the night at 7 p.m., sleeping under clear skies.

The next morning (while Fritz von Almen was spotting his three chamois below them), they worked their way back down, traversed to the west end, just as accidentally as they had stumbled on the wrong route, now stumbled on the right one. Climbing through a light snowfall, they succeeded in reaching a bivouac ledge just short of the Hinterstoisser Traverse by nightfall. By now the presence of many unweathered pitons told them they were following the normal route, and they went to sleep full of confidence. At dawn on Monday, their third day on the mountain, they fired up their alcohol burner and sat down to a rock-ledge breakfast of biscuits, jam and coffee. But hardly had they begun to eat when they beheld an amazing sight. A two-man rope was speedily approaching them from below.

There was perhaps no lonelier place in the world than the north face of the Eiger, no one spot where strangers were less likely to be encountered. Company was not always welcome on a mountain. Corti's planning had been based on a rope of two men who knew each other's techniques and capabilities and would not be distracted by the problems of others. But as the newcomers drew nearer, Corti's feeling changed to admiration: their piton work was sure and precise; they wriggled up difficult pitches with solid strength and impressive technique. They were, in fact, remarkable climbers. Since starting that morning they had already climbed at breakfast time to the point that Corti and Longhi had reached in two days.

They climbed up to the ledge where Corti and Longhi were waiting, stretched out their hands in greeting and established through signs and a few words of Italian and German who they were and what they were up to. They were both German, both 22 years old, both natives of the industrial regions of the city of

Rottweil. Günther Nothdurft was short and wiry—5 foot 7 and 140 pounds. He wore his straight blond hair in one big shock, with the part far to the left. He had protruding ears and a prominent nose and down-slanting eyes, and the overall effect was that of a sad, super-serious young man. Franz Mayer was also blond, a full-faced, heavyset man who made his living as a plasterer.

These were the four climbers Fritz von Almen was startled to see through his telescope from his hotel in the valley. If he had known who they were he would have been more surprised. Günther Nothdurft was already recognized throughout Germany and Austria as one of the finest of the new generation of rock climbers. The pursuit of excellence drove him to the mountains. He attacked them neither with sullen anger nor with the flag-waving *Totenlebe* of his prewar predecessors from Germany. He was an orderly young man who approached each mountain as a problem to be solved, and then moved up quickly and sharply, with a minimum of wasted motion. Unlike most climbers, Nothdurft thought nothing of making difficult ascents entirely alone, belayed only by his own skill with pitons and ice ax. Once he made a solo climb of the northeast face of Piz Badile, a climb that had been soloed only once before, by the great German Alpinist Hermann Buhl, who took four and a half hours and afterwards was lifted to the shoulders of other climbers in admiration. Nothdurft scampered to the top in three hours. His climbs were not mad, compulsive dashes. Always they were preceded by careful planning and weeks of training under similar conditions. Günther Nothdurft did not intend to die in the mountains. Youngest son of a war-ravaged family—his 75-year-old father had been blinded and his two brothers killed—Nothdurft wanted most of all to become "somebody," reckoning this as the least contribution he could make to the sad lot of his parents. He had finished his apprenticeship as a merchant, and after his summer vacation in 1937 he intended to go to techni-

continued

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UP TO HELL *continued*

cal school to study textile engineering.

Franz Mayer had been showing much promise as a climber and had performed brilliantly with Nothdurft on the west face of the Totenkirch the previous winter. He was not as good a climber as Nothdurft, but then, said Swiss mountaineers, who was? At any rate, he was a pleasant young man, and Nothdurft enjoyed his company enough to put aside his own preference for solo climbing. Unlike Corn and Langhi, Nothdurft and Mayer had not set out to climb the north wall. They had inexplicably turned aside after setting out on a two-week climbing vacation in the French Alps. They had sent their personal luggage ahead of them to Chamonix, booked advance reservations at a small inn and headed south on Nothdurft's red motorbike. But at Lucerne they stopped to visit a mountaineering friend. He was away, and his mother asked them to hand on to him, if they met, the contents of a telegram which stated that climbing conditions in the Bernese Oberland were excellent. Mayer impulsively suggested that they take advantage of the good weather and climb the north wall. Nothdurft, the man who always planned ahead, reacted enthusiastically. In his entire life he had made no such sudden turnabout, nor one so fateful. True, he was not altogether unprepared to try the Eiger wall. Earlier in the summer he had made a solitary reconnaissance of the north face, banging away up the Difficult Crack and crossing the difficult Hintersteisser Traverse as though he were crossing the main street of his home town. He crimped up the first ice field and almost to the second. Bivouacking cozily for the night, he rose at 3 a.m., intending to go a little higher, lifted a bottle of water to his lips and suddenly found himself showered with broken glass. A falling rock, missing his head by inches, had shattered the flask. To the careful Nothdurft, this was an omen. He broke camp, backed down the ice field, crossed the Hintersteisser on a heavy hemp rope he had thoughtfully left in place, and returned to the valley. He later announced that he was writing off any attempt on the Eiger, at least for the 1957 season.

Nothdurft had a postcard of the face,



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showing the normal ascent route, which he had purchased the night before in a *pension* in Alpiquen. Now on the ledge with Corti and Longhi and Mayer, he pulled out the postcard, and the four men gathered in a huddle to look at it. And then—watched from below that Monday morning by Fritz von Almen—they broke camp and turned toward the Hinterstoisser Traverse.

The two parties worked within close distance of each other, but on separate ropes. The Traverse was named for its discoverer, Andreas Hinterstoisser, one of the four members of an Austro-German rope, all of whom had died in a storm on the face in 1936. Leaving the fatal "most direct" route up the middle of the face, Andreas Hinterstoisser had moved 130 feet across a seemingly impossible slanting traverse that offered no handholds and hardly any cracks in which to drive a piolet, but which ultimately proved to be the key to the route used by successful climbing parties. By 8 p.m. the two ropes of Corti and Longhi and Nothdurft and Mayer had made a careful ascent up the 70-foot crack at the end of the Hinterstoisser Traverse, crammed across the first ice field, climbed a sheer cliff of two rope lengths and made their way through a few watery patches to a bivouac site.

Corti motioned to the two Germans to set up their camp on a rock ledge just big enough for their two-man tent. Six feet away, the Italians nailed their own sleeping sacks to the wall with three piolet, and slithered into them for an attempt at vertical sleep. At 3:45 a.m. Tuesday, August 6, the climbers came together on the Germans' ledge for breakfast. Corti pounded two piolet into the ice of the wall and put the alcohol cooker on them to make coffee. Longhi broke out some jam and biscuits and the two Italians began to eat. After a few minutes the Germans still had made no move to prepare a breakfast. "And you," said Longhi to them. "Don't you eat?"

"No," said Mayer. "We haven't anything."

Before going to sleep, Nothdurft had

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UP TO HELL continued

put the Germans' food sack under his sleeping bag to level it on the slanting edge. Around midnight he felt cold, got up to move around and discovered that the food sack had slipped down the wall.

Corti said, "Take," handed the Germans some biscuits spread with Italian honey and poured them cups of strong coffee.

The two ropes struck their camp and began an attack on the second ice field. Corti and Longhi again went first; they had been the first on the mountain, and there was plenty of room for the Germans to pass them if they insisted. The Germans started strongly, moving with steady pace through the firm snow. But after a short time Corti was surprised to see them slow to a snail's pace. Could this be the same two men who had flashed up the mountain like sprinters the morning before?

At 5:30 in the morning Mayer shouted and gestured ahead that Nuthdurf had a headache and stomach trouble. Pacing themselves so as to stay within easy reach, Corti and Longhi slowly traversed the field. By afternoon they finally reached the spur leading to the third ice field.

Among those now watching in the valley was Lionel Terry. After sleeping in his tent on the public campgrounds of Grindelwald, the French climber emerged on Tuesday morning to find the whole village of Grindelwald looking at the Eiger. And not only the villagers, but hundreds of others—tourists, skiers, climbers and camper, speaking in half a dozen different tongues—milled around, chattering about the north wall and gaping upward through binoculars and pocket telescopes.

Terry quickly trained his own glasses on the face and picked out the silhouettes of four climbers etched against the snow. And as he watched, a gradual confusion came over him, a failure to comprehend what might be going on in the minds of those insignificant upward-reaching ants. They were moving with incredible slowness, and this was hard for Terry to understand because he knew that conditions were good, at least

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UP TO HELL continues

as good as they ever were on the wall. The ice field was pitched at about 45°, and covered with firm snow offering relatively solid footing. When Terray and his partner Louis Lachenal had made their classic two-day climb 10 years before, the first ascent by a rope of only two men, they had traversed this same field at least twice as fast. Not that Terray, despite this success, had anything but a healthy respect for the Eiger. His career had taken him four times to the Andes, four times to the Himalayas, up mountains like Annapurna, Makalu, the towering spire of Fitzroy in Patagonia and almost all the famous walls of the Alps. And now, at the age of 36, he readily admitted one thing to himself: of all his climbs, these were only two he would never be willing to attempt again—Fitzroy and the Eiger north wall.

As he watched, it seemed all the more strange that the climbers appeared oblivious to a change in the color of the sky. The deep blue of the last few days was slowly giving way to heavy black clouds marching up the valley. There was still time for the men on the wall to beat an honorable, dignified retreat, to try the wall another day. But instead they moved forward at a toddler's pace, handing themselves on relatively safe pitches as though they were traversing sheer ice on roller skates. Terray turned to his companions and said, "I do not understand." There could be no real glory in accomplishing what would be, after all, the 13th ascent of the wall. And no one made wild climbs for the Fatherland anymore. Terray looked again at the clouds, focused the glasses once more on the clumsy rope now approaching the spur leading to the third ice field and said slowly: "*C'est des grains de mouchable. They are bits of cadaver.*"

NEXT WEEK

As if it had heard Lionel Terray's prediction, the Eiger mounts its implacable assault on the four climbers by rock-fall, ice field and avalanche, while gale and cold compound their desperation.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Pedro Ramos of Cleveland walked into a Kansas City police station, pulled out a pistol and began firing—at targets on the police pistol range. He scored better than the Indians (3-3 for the week). Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew, a more conservative type, put the Long Johns under his baseball uniform and, thus attired, forgot his dislike for cold weather and hit four homers in four days. This gave him seven in seven games. Detroit had its seventh consecutive winning week (4-2) and gained a stranglehold on fifth place. Washington simply strangled the Senators had hoped to beat out the Athletics for ninth place but they merely managed to beat the Athletics to the semi-lustrous honor of being the second team (the Brown-Oreole combination was the first) to lose 5,000 AL games. Kansas City Owner Charles O. Finley said last year, "I've got the sexiest-looking ball park in the country." Last week sex appeared to be dead; Finley wants a new stadium. Bo Belinsky of Los Angeles, after losing for the ninth time in his last 11 decisions, managed to keep a date with Hollywood sex-symbol Mamie Van Doren. Chicago's Early Wynn had a date at the Club 300. He was unable to keep the engagement, however, losing his 240th game instead of winning his 300th. Rookie Denson Jones, in Chicago for a medical checkup, was invited to batting practice, hit sharply and was put on the roster. He filled in at first base and got a pinch-hit single to beat the Yankees. Jim Gentile of Baltimore, benched for three days because he hit just .206 during 55 games, was invited back to the lineup. Once he got his hands on his hot Gentile would not let go, even carrying it as he ran the bases. New York players, after three errors in one game and nine in the past seven, probably wanted to travel incognito. They also were not proud that they were almost certain to lose more games than any AL pennant winner. The Yankees lost 15 of their past 30 games. Dick Radatz of Boston wears size-14 spikes and during the off season teaches high school history. Last week all he did was help save two victories for Gene Conley to give Conley 15 wins—the most he has ever had in a major league season.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Philadelphia was captivated by the spirit of '76. The Phillies' 76th victory gave them a .500 record, a goal they had pursued all



RELIABLE PITCHERS were Cardinal Bob (Ach) Duhon, who pitched well in relief, Tiger Starter Phil Regan, who beat Angels, Twins

year. For six weeks they have been the hottest team in baseball, winning 27 and losing 11 (.711). The NL's Big Three—Los Angeles (2-4), San Francisco (2-4) and Cincinnati (1-5)—were easy pickin's. Iried over his team's collapse, Giant Manager Alvin Dark flung three dozen hard-boiled eggs around the clubhouse. For St. Louis it was goose eggs as they failed to score in 50 of 62 innings and ran their losing streak to eight before winning. Curt Simmons pitched his first complete-game win in almost three months, beating the Dodgers with a five-hitter. Warren Spahn put on his usual late-season spurt, won twice and helped Milwaukee to a 5-1 week. Chicago came up with a nice new outfield: \$100,000 bonus buy Danny Murphy (six straight hits), Billy Ott (his homer helped beat the Cardinals) and Nelson Mathews (his grand slam beat the Dodgers). Manager Danny Mortuagut in his rocking chair (a gift from Pittsburgh fans) and watched Rookies Bob Bailey, Donn Clendenon, Bob Veale, Bob Priddy and Elmo Plaskett supply much of the impetus for a 4-3 week. Umpire Paul Pryor had an answer to charges that he had trouble calling pitches when Houston's Russ Kemmerer and Jim Umbricht were on the mound. Pryor said the two "were throwing the ball so that it blended with the lights in the beer sign in center field," making it difficult for him to see. After winning a \$7,000 bet from a clothing company, New York's Mary Thronberry said to a throng of 1,481 at the Polo Grounds: "I'd tell some jokes, but there are too many comedians around here." Said Richie Ashborn after winning a \$3,600 bet for being the Mets' MVP: "We're going to arm these boys and invade Cuba." When Casey Stengel is back home in Glendale, Calif. This winter he will be able to recall many highlights from this season. Just recently, for example, he suffered through his 2,500th loss as a manager. And he will certainly recall the high point of the year. That was when the Mets were about to land in New York after a fairly successful road trip. "O K, men," Casey said, "straighten your ties; you're in math place now." Unfortunately it was a command Casey never got to repeat.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPLIT AND POLISH

Sirs:

After learning of golf purse-splitting (*The Big Golf Secret*, Sept. 24), may I suggest a similar deal between Ford and Drysdale, Hornung and Gifford or even Carry Back and Kelso?

J. S. SWENEY

Baltimore

Sirs:

What foolishness! Spectators know pros are pros because they are good putters, they also know the hazards of the greens—the grass, the slope and the breeze. When players have earned a tie over the hazards of 72 greens it is absurd to settle big stakes over a putt or two—which in a great many cases would be equivalent to the roll of the dice. Only a poor spectator would feel cheated if the tying players did not gamble for big stakes over a hole or two.

It should be made official: split the pot and play off for the honor.

HARRY H. MICHAEL JR.

Lansdowne, Pa.

TYING COBB

Sirs:

Maury Wills is good at stealing bases, no doubt of it (*Baseball's Week*, Sept. 17 & 24). But when comparisons are made between his record and the marks of such others as Casey and Cobb, he sure to emphasize one tremendous difference.

In the old days the runner received credit for a stolen base only when the play was clean. If the catcher, for instance, dropped or mishandled the ball the base was not officially stolen, even though the runner had such a jump that he would have made the base anyway. Cobb had the defense so jittery that catchers and infielders often fouled up the play.

Today the base is officially stolen no matter how well or ill the ball is handled. The runner can fall flat on his face and crawl the last 30 feet while the catcher chases the ball to the backstop or throws it into center field, and still the runner is credited with a stolen base so long as he makes the bag.

Under modern rules, no one knows how many bases Cobb would have stolen.

FRANCIS P. GRADY

Valley Stream, N. Y.

Sirs:

At this time last season Commissioner of Baseball Ford Frick announced that Roger Maris, a home run hitter of some reputation, could not break Babe Ruth's record of 60

home runs in one season unless he did so in 154 games.

I have not seen or heard any comment from the commissioner's office concerning the present situation of Maury Wills. Am I right to expect, however, that, should Wills break the record in more than 154 games, an asterisk will be duly placed by his name?

JACK ARMISTEAD

Boone, N. C.

● According to Frick, Wills will not be credited with breaking Cobb's record this year, since by the end of the Dodgers' 154th game he had stolen only 95 bases. Now that he has topped 96 for the longer season, his record will be listed, not with an asterisk, but separately.—ED.

Sirs:

What do the defenders of the past say about Wills' lively shoes?

HAR MILLER

Colorado Springs, Colo.

BEER AND MUSCLES

Sirs:

I have studied the standards of physical development recommended by Bud Wilkinson and his staff, especially the standard of 14 sit-ups for 17-year-olds (*The Vigor We Need*, July 16). I'd like to tell you that at our summer camp in the Sequoia National Forest I saw an 11-year-old boy do 500 sit-ups and a 17-year-old boy do 1,000 sit-ups. The older boy was planning to go to 2,000 the following day, but the camp director set 1,000 as a limit.

It is rewarding to see the response of our young people when they are provided with the opportunity and the facilities for physical development. Given leadership and challenging standards, they can better most currently accepted standards for fitness.

HOMER F. BARNES

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sirs:

Pray tell me, what chance does the Kennedy program have to succeed when breweries do away with most of our weekend exercise by making their cans so easy to open that no exertion need be expended?

LLOYD LARSON

Kelseyville, Calif.

PRESENT INDICATIVE

Sirs:

Congratulations for the excellent survey of the NFL and AFL (*Pro Football 1962*,

Sept. 10). Someday we will watch the World Series of football between the pros, and I hope Mr. George Halas is still around, for then he will know the AFL is here to stay.

CHARLES F. SCHREINER

Merced Island, Wash.

Sirs:

It does not matter who wins in the East, because the Packers will win the championship anyhow!

STEVE BROWN

Bellingham, Wash.

Sirs:

Hornung the best back! Hah, he's in a class with my mother.

THEODORE WESTERBROOK

Syracuse, N. Y.

Sirs:

With such greats as Abner Haynes, Jack Spikes and Cotton Davidson, the Dallas Texans will take over first place from the San Diego Chargers.

BILL ROBERTSON

Artesia, N. Mex.

Sirs:

Concerning the NFL-AFL teams, I congratulate you for your wise choices. Except—you stated that "the most striking change in the Denver Broncos is sartorial." Now that our Broncos have soundly beaten "powerhouse" San Diego by nearly two yards to one in a 30-21 demolition, we citizens are considering sending the Broncos' old vertically striped socks to the Chargers, in the hope that they will continue with the socks' losing tradition.

JACK M. HUNTER

Littleton, Colo.

Sirs:

Your prediction that Buffalo "looks good enough to finish third in the East" is the most astute ever. The Bills have great rookie talent defensively, with veterans like Al Dorow, Cookie Gilchrist and Wayne Crow and, with the pass catching of Glen Boss and Ernie Warrick on offense, we don't see how they can miss being a contender for first.

IRWIN T. MESCH

EARL S. CARREL

Buffalo

Sirs:

Why did you criticize our Cowboys and laud the Texans? Anybody knows the Cowboys could stomp the Texans. Who wrote

continued

what a

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18TH HOLE continued

the football previews anyway? Louella Parsons or Bo Belasky?

STEVE FOSTER

Dallas

PAST PERFECT

Sirs:

It amazes me that Alfred Wright could leave Johnny Lujack off his list of candidates (*The Best College Player of All Time*, Sept. 24). Lujack played at a time when college competition in general and Notre Dame in particular were at their peak. Not only was Lujack one of the top all-round players of all time, he was the very finest college T-formation quarterback and passer in the history of the game, was a master field general and tactician (a qualification Mr. Wright seems to overlook) and could handle a football like a sleight-of-hand artist. He was also a top pass defender and terrific tackler (check the films of the 1946 Army-Notre Dame 0-0 tie). By the way, Lujack was quite a runner too.

JOHN KENLINE

Wilmette, Ill.

VULNERABLE SCORE

Sirs:

I was both amazed and awed by the fantastic 13-spade bridge hand of Jules Wright (*For the Record*, Sept. 17). However, I do not understand his scoring of the hand. He gave himself 3,380 points, but I believe he deserved only 3,240:

7 spades redoubled	840
Making contract	50
Grand slam vulnerable	1,500
Honors in spades	150
Rubber	700
	<hr/> 3,240

Had the bid been seven no trump his scoring would have been a perfect 3,280. The one difficulty would have been that he could not have taken a trick!

THOMAS C. HUDNUT

Rochester

● Correct—ED.

BROWN TASTE

Sirs:

Paul Brown states that he "plays this game to win" (*A Man for This Season*, Sept. 10). Must we be so forgiving and forgetful that this person who is being so highly praised is the same person who was responsible for the most discolored moment ever to take place on a pro football field?

I am referring to the last minute of that game played late last year between the Giants and the Browns at Yankee Stadium. The Browns, under orders from Mr. Brown, committed the cardinal sin of all athletic contests. They failed to show a will to win

continued



WANDERLUST

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19TH HOLE *continued*

and emerge victorious. By not trying to advance the ball to gain a field goal or even a possible scoring position, the Browns conceded the 7-7 game and the title to the Giants. For the Browns a tie had no bearing on their final league standings since they already knew that the Eagles had won earlier in the day and had taken second place—with an outside chance of a first-place tie on a Brown win.

MARK L. BROWDER

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Congratulations for a fine article about a real perfectionist and gentleman.

W. F. CAMACHO JR.

Lowell, Mass.

MIXED TWSOME

Sirs:

My daughter phoned me to look at your article on Pinehurst (*The Southern Resort of a Proper Bostonian*, Sept. 10), and to my surprise I saw a picture of my wife taken in a "Monkey" tournament at Pinehurst in 1905. She is the lady in white at the right of the lady about to play, and she is holding a



EARLY NORTH AND SOUTH CHAMPION

club in her right hand (see above). She was Mary C. Dutton at that time and was the North and South champion that year, 1905.

We were married in 1907, and if the good Lord spares us until Nov. 7 of this year we will celebrate our 55th anniversary. She does not play golf now, as years ago she broke her ankle and now arthritis has settled in that joint and it bothers her to walk too much. However, with me, nine holes a day is still a must. My eyes are not too good at 80, having had two operations for glaucoma; but last year I broke 40 twice.

ALLAN P. CHASE

Kennelbunk, Me.



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